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No. 8909.—VOL. LVII. WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, 1893. Price One Penny.

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
Sole Lessee and Manager, SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, A LIFE OF PLEASURE. By HENRY PETTITT AND SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS. (The greatest success Drury Lane has ever known.)

Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Lily Hanbury (by permission of H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.), Miss Laura Linden, Miss Le Thiere, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Frank H. Fenton, Mr. William Elton, Mr. Stephen Caffrey, Mr. Clarence Holt, Mr. J. A. Cave, Mr. Robert Soutar, and Mr. Harry Nicholls.

MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 1.30. Doors open 1 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 A.M. all day.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Mr. TREE, Sole Lessee and Manager.

TO-NIGHT at 8.15, a new play in 4 acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES, called

THE TEMPTER.

Mr. Tree; Messrs. Fred. Terry, F. Everill, Fuller Mellish, G. W. Anson, Charles Allan, Holman Clark, Revelle, Baldie, Wyatt, Paton, Cowis, &c.; Mrs. Tree, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Julia Neilson.

MATINEE of THE TEMPTER EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, at 2.
Seats may now be booked two months in advance. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.50, Lecocq's celebrated Comic Opera
LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

Mesdames Amy Augarde, H. Crofton, M. A. Victor, N. Cravering, B. Vere; Messrs. Courtice Pounds, W. Dale, C. Davenport, G. Hemsley, C. Humphery, F. Vigay. At 8.15, POOR MIGNONETTE. LAST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2. Doors open at 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.

TO-NIGHT, at 8, A WOMAN'S REVENGE, by HENRY PETTITT. Messrs. Charles Warner, Charles Cartwright, Herbert Flemming, Rudge Harding, John Carter, and Arthur Williams, Mesdames Mary Rorke, Alma Stanley, Florence L. Forster, Agnes Thomas. Box-office 10 to 5. Doors open 7.30.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, GEORGE EDWARDES.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8, Audran's charming Comic Opera,
LA MASCOTTE,
with the following powerful cast:—
Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Katie Seymour, and Miss Florence St. John; Mr. Wallace Brownlow, Mr. Charles Conyers, Mr. George Mudie, and Mr. Robert Pateman.
Box-Office open 10 to 5 daily. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 14 at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE.
SPECIAL NOTICE—LAST NIGHTS of the successful Comic Opera
LA MASCOTTE, at the Gaiety Theatre.

GLOBE THEATRE.
Lessee, W. S. PENLEY.
CHARLEY'S AUNT,
By BRANDON THOMAS.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9.
Preceded, at 8, by JOHN THURGOOD, FARMER.
MATINEE of CHARLEY'S AUNT EVERY SATURDAY, at 2. Doors open 2.30. Box-office open 10 to 5.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. COMYNS CARR.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, a new and original play, in four Acts, by Sydney Grundy, entitled
HOWING THE WIND.

Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Will Dennis, Mr. Chandler, Mr. J. Byron; Miss Rosie Leclercq, Miss Annie Hughes, Mrs. Campbell Bradley, and Miss Winifred Emery. At 9, IN STRICT CONFIDENCE. Mrs. W. J. Lovell. Mr. J. Byron, and Miss Lena Ashwell.

Doors open 7.40. Box-office (Mr. Scarisbrick) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 14, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.—COMEDY.

COURT THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH.

EVERY EVENING at 9, a Three-act Farce, being an English version of the great Parisian success, "Champignol Malgré Lui," entitled THE OTHER FELLOW, by Fred Horner. Messrs. Charles Groves, C. H. Brookfield, Weedon Grossmith, Wilfred Draycott, H. De Lange, W. Wyes, Courtice Coutts, R. Nainby, Charles Burleigh, Seymour Hicks, Sydney Warden, E. Bertram, &c. Misses Pattie Brown, Marianne Caldwell, M. Intosh, Elaine Terriss. Preceded at 8.15 by HIS LAST CHANCE. Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Elaine Terriss. Doors open at 7.45. Box-office now open. MATINEE SATURDAY, October 21, at 3 o'clock. Doors open 2.30.

TERRY'S THEATRE.
Mr. EDWARD TERRY, Proprietor and Manager.
Season under the Management of Miss JANETTE STEER.

TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, AN AMERICAN HEIRESS, by Lawrence Olde and Maurice Nel. Messrs. Herbert Waring, Fred Kerr, Murray Carson, George R. Foss, J. A. Welch, Richard Hurst, Hamilton Pillard, Robson Lambert; Misses Olga Brandon, Henrietta Lindley, Ivy Ford, and Miss Janette Steer.—Business Manager, CHARLES TERRY.

LYRIC THEATRE.
Mr. HORACE SEDGER, Sole Lessee and Manager.

LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By GEORGE R. SIMS and CECIL RALEIGH. The music by IVAN CARYLL. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15, with the following cast:—Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Messrs. Harry Parker, Furneaux Cook, Henry Wright, George Tate, Roland Cunard, Mesdames Maud Holland, Eva Moore Adelaide Newton, Mimi St. Cyr, Alice Gilbe t, Maud Leicester, and Miss May Yohe. Increased orchestra and chorus. Conducted by the composer. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT at 2.0.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
Manager, F. J. HARRIS.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MOROCCO BOUND (176th time), John L. Shine, Charles Danby, Templar Saxe, Lilian Redfern, and Letty Lind. At 8.45, REUBEN HARLEY, the inimitable music of popular actors. Box-office 10 to 10. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30. Proprietor, Mr. JOHN LANCASTER.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE THEATRE.
Proprietors and Lessees, Mr. and Mrs. FRANK WYATT.

THIS EVENING at 9, THE TWO JOHNNIES. Messrs. Charles Glenney, Lionel Rignold, Percy Marshall, Graham Wentworth, Fred Jacques, Stanley Smith, and Frank Wyatt; Mesdames Maud Elmore, Clara Jecks, Gladys Homfray, Nancy Lascelles, and Violet Melnotte. At 8.15, AULD LANG SYNE. MATINEE of THE TWO JOHNNIES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY), at 3.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY. Doors open 7.40.
TO-NIGHT, and THURSDAY EVENING, at 8.15, THE FORESTERS. Miss Ada Rehan, Catherine Lewis, Arthur Bourchier, George Clarke, &c.
FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, October 13 (and for a few evenings only), THE LAST WORD. Miss Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Isabel Irving, Geo. Clarke, &c.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, and SATURDAY, October 21, at 2, THE FORESTERS.
SATURDAY NIGHT, and NEXT WEEK, THE LAST WORD.
In preparation a Farcical Comedy by F. C. Burnand, entitled THE ORIENT EXPRESS.
Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Under the Management of Mr. ALFRED GERMAN REED and Mr. CORNEY GRAIN.

TO-DAY, at 3, AN ODD PAIR, PIANO ON TOUR, and BOX B, by Mr. CORNEY GRAIN. TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 3, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 8. Stalls, 5s.; 3s.; admission, 2s.; to—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, W.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Open 7.30. At 8.40, the Grand Ballet FIDELIA. At 10.30, CHICAGO. Varieties by Fred Storton, Herr Thora, The Three Castles, R. H. Douglass, The Poluskis, Amy Lyster, The Silvani Troupe, Marie Tyler, &c., &c.

EMPIRE.
TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets. KATRINA, at 8, and the Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10, by Mr. Oscar Edwardes, arranged by Mdme. Katti Lanner, music by Monsieur Leopold Wenzel, supported by Mdlle. Heva Sarcy, Signorina Saviery, Signor Vivaldi, and Signorina Malvina Cavallazzi. Varieties at 7.45. Doors open 7.30. SPECIAL MATINEE SATURDAY, October 21.

THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.
The Royal Aquarium Area a Mass of Flowers. No extra charge. The NATIONAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SOCIETY'S SHOW. No extra charge. Fire! Fire! The Collies' Rescue. See the Wonderful Performing Dogs. The Fakir Priest. The Great Dive Through the Roof. See the Champion Divers of the World. Great Russian Waxworks and Tortures. Free Varieties. 12 noon. Special (free) Grand Varieties, 2 and 7. Enoch's Tank Performances. Performing animals. The Four-Legged Dancer. Ballet Quarielle, &c., &c., &c. All free. Concert (free) 8.30. See (Theatre) 4 and 8, the Boxing Kangaroo, &c., &c. Grand Swimming Entertainments, 5 and 10. Talking and Laughing Seal.

WHIG-DISHING ONCE MORE.

It is not often that Englishmen are called upon to interest themselves in the politics of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is enough for us to know, as a rule, that it is a member of the Triple Alliance, and that its home affairs seem to be divided between unintelligible calculations about paper florins and unseemly brawls between the heterogeneous nationalities that populate the dominions of the Emperor and King. But to-day there comes news so sensational that it is impossible to pass it by unconsidered. Yesterday when the Reichsrath reassembled for its autumn session Count TAAFFE, the First Minister of the Empire, announced the speedy introduction of a Bill for the extension of the suffrage. When he came to explain its provisions, the measure revealed itself as to all intent a Universal Suffrage Bill. Not a soul outside the Cabinet had the smallest expectation of so astonishing an announcement. Coming from the Conservative Premier of one of the most Conservative States of Europe, the red-handed despot who instituted the minor state of siege among the Young Czechs, this was sufficiently piquant. Further, there were before the Reichsrath fifteen projects of suffrage reform, most of them the work of professional Liberals and of the various sorts of Home Rulers indigenous to the Empire. All these reformers Count TAAFFE has surpassed in the frankness and liberality of his Bill—naturally excepting the Young Czechs, who had a scheme of their own constructed to serve the purposes of their centrifugal heresies. With that exception no Parliamentary party in Austria has ever gone so far as to offer a vote to every Austrian subject possessed of the almost inevitable qualifications of elementary education and military service.

Yet that is the gist of Count TAAFFE'S measure, and politicians, not only in Austria but all over Europe, will spend the next few days racking their brains for the reason why. The Labour Party of Vienna will have their answer to the problem pat. The day before yesterday they held in the capital sixteen mass meetings—the attendance at some of them was estimated actually at three thousand—and some four hundred more in various parts of the country. All the meetings passed resolutions demanding the franchise, and the resolutions were forwarded to the Reichsrath the following day. The answer could hardly have been more dramatically prompt, and the Extremists will plume themselves on a decisive victory. And, in a certain measure, it would be idle to deny that they will be right. The agitation for universal suffrage has been in Austria, as in most other European countries, long and persistent, and of late the agitators have been pressing their claims in a spirit of reason and moderation that makes it possible for a strong Government to listen to them. But for the complete explanation of the Austrian Premier's policy we must look behind mere intimidation or democratic benevolence. His proposal is a very daring and resolute party manœuvre. He has, in fact, dished the Whigs almost exactly as DISRAELI dished them in 1867. He had no working majority. He was hampered by all kinds of difficult problems, of which the Bohemian question was only the most urgent. With that the Whigs were very much easier to dish than DISRAELI found them. For their own suffrage proposals were most grudging and close-fisted. That of the German Liberal party—the official opposition, and numerically the strongest group in the Reichsrath—was the closest-fisted of all. These reformers declared frankly that they were not disposed to hand over the franchise to battalions of Slavs, and thereby bring about the ruin of civilization, which was possible, and also of the German Liberal party, which was even probable. Under these circumstances a resolute player sees his game clearly. In the first place, Count TAAFFE'S Bill changes the venue of all Austrian politics for the coming winter; in the second place, supposing it passed, he will expect a solid phalanx of labour members whose gratitude may lend him at least a temporary and qualified support.

Whether he will pass his bill it is hard to prophesy; without doubt it will be fiercely opposed. Whether, if he does, he will reap from it the advantages he reckons on, it is equally hard to say, and for an Englishman harder to care. But at least we can look on the prospect without any of the anxiety, not to say consternation, that it is sure to awaken in Vienna. To begin with, Austria is at present the last country in the world open to the evils of government by mob. In a country where the Boards of Safety have such power that the police can disperse as a seditious assembly a dance at which the host does not know the names of all his guests, a little extension of Parliamentary Government is more likely to be salutary than subversive. The case of Germany this summer shows that the universal suffragan can look after the interests of his country with as much prudence and self sacrifice in the polling booth as the Government official can at his desk. Lastly, if there is little to fear from Count TAAFFE'S measure there is at least one great gain to hope. New blood in the electorate and in the Reichsrath may mean the substitution of new and more fruitful political issues for the intermingle jangle of racial disputes that has been the one political occupation of Austria ever since her constitutions were made in 1848. If the members of the Reichsrath will only forget their dialects, and fall into line as Tories and Radicals, the Austrian Empire may yet be strengthened with a stable system of party government. It is much to pray for, but the prize is worth at least an effort.

FORD MADOX BROWN.

(By ONE WHO KNEW HIM.)

THE dusk last night was falling as I climbed the steep road leading to St. Edmund's-terrace, Regent's Park, where Ford Madox Brown, the father of the Pre-Raphaelite school, and the most genial and urbane of painters, was wont of late years to receive artistic London. A manner full of courtesy, a presence suggesting vigour and solidity, with an outward clothing as picturesque as it was patriarchal, such was the decorator of the Manchester Town Hall, the author of "Work" and "The Last of England." A pencil drawing by his one-time pupil, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (now in the possession of Madox Brown's eldest daughter, Mrs. William Rossetti), gives a telling presentment of the artist as a young man. The masculine and vigorous set of the powerful head, the swelling curves of the full lips, the luxuriant beard are all there, as we knew them latterly in the white-haired painter; but they are there with a difference. The friend of Carlyle, of Swinburne, of William Morris, and Dante Rossetti—not to mention Maurice—Madox Brown was a thinker as well as a painter, and it was this purely intellectual strain which lent meaning to his artistic work, and gave force to his latter-day personality.

A CAPTAIN OF THE ADVANCE.

He loved, in a word, progress, and in his capacity of thinker the wholesome progress of nations as well as that of art. He loved, moreover, a new idea, and hated all fads and faddists. It was this dread of cliques and cliquishness which prevented the painter formally and officially joining the now world-famed Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood which is associated so often with his name. "A brotherhood," he was wont to say, "had a dangerous element in it; it had the element in it of dissension." Yet his love of ideas was paramount. It continued with him always. To the last his love and sympathy went out not only to his grandchildren, the offspring of his two daughters, Mrs. William Rossetti and Mrs. Hueffer, but to countless youngsters who carried the tale of their new-fledged hopes and ambitions to the veteran in the Regent's Park. It induced Madox Brown to study, and tolerantly study, the vagaries of new schools, the eccentricities of so-called Symbolists and "Vibrists," and the art of the open air, as represented by a certain audacious school of Glasgow. It was, in sooth, only last spring, at the Grafton Gallery, that the great painter told the present writer that he had been dubbed an "Impressionist" by an eminent French critic. The statement had its humorous side for the pioneer of Pre-Raphaelism, who showed his nice appreciation of the situation by the curious examination of the many Impressionistic efforts which there abounded.

FATHER AND SON.

Like Millet, Madox Brown was twice married, losing his first wife while he was still more or less of a student on the Continent, and

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

The week's weather has been everything that farmers could wish, as the soaking rains at night and bright warm and breezy days has enabled many lands to be ploughed up in good condition and furnished a good bite of grass to stock. The autumn aspects of the country are most cheerful and healthy, and it may be safely reckoned that, with the price of feeding-stuffs as they are, farmers will refrain as long as possible from housing their cattle this fall in order to economise. In fact the green keep of the stubbles and pastures has furnished a very welcome bite to stock. When considering the prices asked for hay and straw it must be borne in mind that in several counties the second crops of hay have largely made up the deficiency in the first cut, while some farmers who did not cut their grass this year until the end of August state that they had a fairly good yield. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the hay market discomposed, so far as it applies to English growth; and dealers and factors are asking the question now, How much further is the adjustment of prices as regards English and foreign stuffs to go? English prime meadow hay can now easily be obtained at 157s. 6d., and for ordinary best quality 150s. Choice first-cut clover sells at 147s., as compared with 150s. a week ago, and prime old second cuts 145s., against the former value of 150s. In good medium first and second cuts sales transpire at Whitechapel market at 120s. to 126s., and good late got new meadow hay is worth 120s. to 126s. Common lots of clover can be obtained at 90s. to 95s. At Whitechapel the scarcity of straw is as apparent as ever, and so sellers ask 54s. for best wheaten and accept 52s., whilst litter ranges between 45s and 50s.

On the corn exchanges throughout the country the continuance of fair open weather has exhausted all the firmness in wheat prices apparent a few weeks ago; and although the fall so far is limited to sixpence on wheat, the absence of frosty weather allows buyers and sellers to take up a lassitude posture. The average price of wheat last week, as returned by the Board of Agriculture, was 27s. 10d. per quarter of 480 lb., while the average price of barley was returned at 29s., and oats at 17s. 10d. In other words the average price of wheat is 4d. and barley 8d. dearer than was returned last week.

Last week in the *Pall Mall Gazette* appeared an estimate of this year's wheat harvests in different countries, and the world's requirements, and for the information of our readers it may be as well to follow that estimate with the following comparative statement of the stocks of wheat and flour in the ports of the United Kingdom as compiled by *Dornbusch*:—

PORTS.	WHEAT.		FLOUR.			
	October 1, 1893.	October 1, 1892.	October 1, 1893.	October 1, 1892.	October 1, 1893.	October 1, 1892.
	qrs.	qrs.	sacks.	sacks.	brls.	brls.
London	359,593	318,051	625,125	532,635	105	325
Liverpool	629,866	614,364	1,0,540	109,443	—	—
Fleetwood	108,940	10,260	—	—	—	—
Hull	170,978	262,409	1,335	775	—	—
Bristol	126,561	127,679	27,423	30,959	—	—
Glouc'st'r	153,703	132,103	—	—	—	—
Newcastle*	52,040	67,918	16,473	9,159	—	—
West Hartlepool	31,057	35,543	2,253	2,860	—	—
Limerick†	10,000	40,000	2,000	2,000	—	—
	61,000	—	61,000	—	—	—
Total	2,006,275	1,655,723	948,314	822,852	105	325

* Including Sunderland. † Including Stockton. ‡ Estimated.

Flour millers in this country have nothing to complain of in the above return, as there is a very great increase in the amount of raw material in stock than on the same date last year at the different ports, and not so much of the manufactured article as might have been expected to follow on the announcement of the shortage of the English wheat harvest. Russia will keep our markets well supplied this year with wheat, and the 890 roller mills scattered over the United Kingdom, which have a capacity of quite 30,000,000 sacks of flour per annum without running to their full capacity, will produce, there is little doubt, during this present cereal year, more flour than has ever been manufactured in this country before.

The eighteenth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association is now being held in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, and will remain open until next Friday night. The entries of cattle are smaller than usual, no doubt due partly to the exceptional character of the season, and partly on account of the changes made in the system of judging. The judges this year took into consideration the yield and quality of milk before awarding the prizes. Hitherto the ordinary class prizes have been awarded on the appearance of the animals, separate prizes being given for the milking trials.

when they were on their way back to England from Rome. A son by a second marriage, Oliver Madox Brown, who died in 1874, was a boy of such extraordinary precocity as to exhibit in London exhibitions at the age of fourteen. A year later he was represented in the Academy and the Dudley Gallery; while the publication of a novel, called "The Dwale Bluth," astonished even his most enthusiastic admirers. Not the least of them were Dante Rossetti and the father, who, it may be confidently said, never recovered the loss of his brilliant and original son. In both Oliver and Ford Madox Brown there was undoubtedly something of the poet as well as the painter; a passionate vigour expressed itself both in the work of the father and the son. Like Robert Browning, George Eliot, and a score of other thinkers and workers, Madox Brown was also a devout lover of music. Though latterly an acute sufferer from gout, and unable to attend functions, either musical or unmusical, I remember not long since seeing the painter at a crowded afternoon party, where Brahms's "Liebeslieder" were given. They were sung right through, the suffering painter standing the entire time, with his eyes fixed on the quartet of singers who were interpreting the famous, if somewhat lengthy, cycle of love songs. "That's what I call good music," he said, with his charming smile, when the performance was over, being, with the exception, perhaps, of the exhausted executants, probably the only person in that densely-packed drawing-room who appreciated the somewhat severe entertainment.

HIS HOUSE.

The house in St. Edmund's-terrace, now bereft of owner and presiding genius, was an ordinary one as far as structure goes. It is even without what in common parlance is called a studio. An ordinary green-papered drawing-room, giving on the north and swept by the vigorous breezes of Highgate and Hampstead, abundantly satisfied the painter. For it was here, surrounded by the books and pictures of the men he loved to call by the name of friends, that he passed the last years of his fruitful life, finishing the last of the twelve great pictures now decorating the Manchester Town Hall, and dying, even as he finished the work, like a patriarch, full of years and honour.

RIVAL ROUTES.—THE AMERICAN MAILS.

BY ONE WHO ADVOCATES THE RETENTION OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM.

SINCE the advent of the American Line to Southampton, the controversy as to the relative advantages of the Queenstown and Southampton routes has been waged with unexampled bitterness. It may be said that the line has been converted to a new faith, and we are well aware that the pervert is usually the bitterest foe of his old religion. But the question is a somewhat deeper one than appears on the surface; we cannot dispose of it by deciding that the saving of time effected by the Irish route is not worth the expense of the special train service from Queenstown to Dublin and from Holyhead to Euston—with the connecting special steamer—which has recently reduced the mail transit to less than fourteen hours. There are questions of high policy, there are questions of departmental honour at stake.

To understand these thoroughly we must take a brief view of the recent history of the mail contracts. The old contract was between the British Post Office on the one part and the three lines—Cunard, White Star, and Inman—on the other. Under this there was a tri-weekly mail from Queenstown. This expired on the last day of November, 1886, and it was at that time pointed out by the agents of the German line calling at Southampton (there was only the North German Lloyd express service then) that they often had faster steamers on the Southampton route than the vessel sailing at the same time from Queenstown. It was therefore determined to cut the old Inman line out. But Cunard and White Star refused to desert their comrade, and so they were left out, too. The contract was provisionally given to the Guion, North German Lloyd, and Inman and International lines. For just at this time the old Inman company was reconstituted and renamed.

Three months of this was enough. The North German Lloyd was objected to as a foreign body. The other two were possessed of two fast steamers between them and the rest were exceedingly slow. So the present arrangement was come to. The Post Office returned to its old love—the Liverpool lines, which are essentially British—and it was arranged that they should give a bi-weekly service. But it was understood that the public should have the right to send its letters, *if specially addressed*, by any steamer sailing either from Liverpool or Southampton. The mail-carriers, whether contract steamers or not, were all to be paid at a similar rate, according to the weight of each mail carried, and the contract vessels were bound to sail at fixed times all the year round and were always to send their best steamers, save during the period of necessary overhaul. The non-contract steamers were, of course, bound by no such ties, and it might be considered that the Post Office had done a good stroke of business in getting the Liverpool companies to undertake the job on such terms. Meanwhile the armed cruiser idea was developed and the new Inman liners built. These latter, like the mail boats, had the armed cruiser subsidy, and so things went on quietly till the American line acquired the *Paris* and *New York* and the London and South-Western Railway absorbed Southampton Docks. Then the flag of the *Paris* and *New York* was changed, and they became armed cruisers under the stars and stripes. The London and South-Western Railway at the same time induced them to change their European terminus from Liverpool to Southampton, and they got a subsidy of no less than £2,400 per voyage from the United States Government for carrying their mails to Europe. They also get something, which they certainly earn, from our own Government for carrying the ship's mails to the westward, and having so much, more is wanted. The Southampton people are clamouring that they and the German steamers should have the entire carriage of the mails on the ground, that the special service from Queenstown is so costly, and that without it there would be no advantage in landing the mails at Queenstown at all. But, in fact, the cost is trifling for what it does. We are dealing with enormous figures, with big values. The special service costs no more per mile than does the subsidy given to the American liners for every mile they do on the more cheaply worked sea journey. Moreover, mail carrying is not the only consideration. The American line get their £2,400 a voyage, partly for mail carrying, but partly to encourage the building and owning of such vessels by American citizens. So with the German ships, though they may not be so easily shown to be State aided. All these mail carriers are armed cruisers as well. Our British vessels were built to Admiralty requirements on the faith of getting the cruiser subvention and of getting the mail contract as well. The armed cruiser idea, originally British, has quickly been approved and copied by the French, the Germans, and the Americans. For the subsidy we pay we get the call of a ship in war, without the expense of keeping her up in peace, for an annual payment of, say, one-fiftieth of her cost. If the right to carry mails not specially addressed is so valuable it ought to be reserved for British ships, so as to keep up and increase our reserve. We must not spend our money on vessels that will certainly desert us in the hour of need, and some of which are sure to be employed against us in any naval war. Southampton, it must be confessed, has a fine harbour and is near London, but it has disadvantages. It is far from the coalfields, it is far from the cargo districts, it is further from New York than is Liverpool. If Southampton is to be the mail port, it must be for British-owned ships. These will require extra inducements to use it, because of the disadvantages named. When the calculation is made it will be found that the cost of the special service is small compared with the extra cost of compensating the owners for the removal from Lancashire. The question is one of principle, and the rivalry of the fleets of to-day does not touch the question. The vessels forming these fleets change so quickly that we cannot alter policy to suit the merits of a particular fleet which may at a particular time make a bid for the record.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES

The third of the America Cup races will take place to-day, for although *Vigilant* sprung her bowsprit, a new spar has been shipped. The general opinion seems to be that unless the weather be very light or very heavy *Valkyrie* cannot win, and there are many critics who are coming to hold Captain Cranfield's opinion that the centre-board is invincible. That opinion, or at any rate an opinion expressed in such terms, is shallow and insufficient. The issue is not between centre-board and no centre-board, but between two entirely different principles of construction, in which the question of a centre-board is not by any means the only question involved. So far *Valkyrie* has made a really excellent show, and that is enough to prove that if Mr. Watson had built the yacht for racing alone she could have won. But *Valkyrie* was built to cross the Atlantic as well as to win the cup, whereas *Vigilant* is no more than a racing machine. If *Vigilant* wins the cup, it would be exceedingly sportsmanlike of her owners to challenge *Valkyrie* to race home. They are not likely to do anything of the sort, because they have no wish to risk the drowning of a crew. But Lord Dunraven might do worse than propose such a match. It would at least show the world the essential difference between the yachts.

It was not to be expected that we should settle down to war with the Matabele without a protest from somebody who had rather protect the autochthon than know that victory waits upon those who would extend our Empire. The aborigines' advocate, in this instance, dates from St. George's Club, but his opinions find a welcome home in the *Chronicle*. He "disclaims all sympathy with the bloodthirsty ways" of the Matabele: and that, perhaps, is as it should be, for, except ourselves and the Boers, the Matabele are among the finest people in South Africa. We are only at war with them because their "bloodthirsty ways" will before long make it impossible to hold Mashonaland unless something be done to quench their thirst after blood. This war has been undertaken because the Indunas have been spoiling for a fight for years, and since July it has been impossible for the white man to dwell in comfort next door to the Matabele. In fact, one power or another must rule Mashonaland and Bechuanaland. We propose to do it. Lobengula proposes otherwise, and is prepared to fight for his opinion. Therefore Lobengula must be smashed. It is not a question of thieving his lands: it is a question of keeping our own.

As our special correspondent announced yesterday, Lobengula will have stronger forces against him than he bargained for. The whole of the Bechuanaland police with Khama's men are to join the Chartered Company's troops and to advance on Buluwayo. According to Mr. Theodore Bent, they should reach the royal kraal in three weeks. Even now the Matabele are retiring to the hills and to the bush as he foretold, and it looks as if the war may become a long history of weary guerilla skirmishes. We have often urged that the blow should be swift and decisive. Mr. Bent, who knows as much of the country as any one in England, says that it would be well that the war should be over in two months, for during the rainy season the Matabele can fight and we cannot. The Colonial Office is responsible for the delay there has been, but if the British are able to smash the indunas within six or eight weeks, the delay will have been justified. If the war is prolonged over next March—as it may be unless we "crumple up" one or two impis at once—the Colonial Office will get, though it may not quite deserve, all the blame.

The coalowners are as eager to close the quarrel as the colliers, as is evident from their meeting at Derby. The conference promoted by the mayors has had one good effect; it has shown both sides that overtures will be welcomed in a friendly spirit. The immediate result of the mayors' recommendations has been the decision of the masters to decrease the reduction from 25 to 15 per cent. They are willing to meet the men half way, and it remains to be seen if the men will be as conciliatory. We observe that Mr. Ashton, the secretary of the Miners' Federation, is quite hopeful of an early settlement; and he is in a position to judge. Meetings are to take place to-day and to-morrow to discuss the new terms, and we shall know by Friday with what result. The men will be extremely foolish if they do not acquiesce, for the reduction would only be temporary. It is not the act of friends to persuade them still to resist; the cry of "No surrender" comes ill from full stomachs to fasting ones.

Mr. Pritchard, a Holyhead banker, made some statements yesterday before the Welsh Land Commission, which should interest those who seek to turn the land question into a means of attacking the Church. In Anglesey there are two classes of owners, who may be described as Churchmen and Nonconformists. The Nonconformists charge an average of 75 per cent. more rent than the Churchmen. When Churchmen sell and Nonconformists buy, rents immediately rise. The farm belonging to a Wesleyan was let at £3 an acre, whereas the price on Sir George Meyrick's adjacent land is 18s; and when Sir George Meyrick lately bought a farm from a Dissenter he reduced the annual charge from £100 to £45. Mr. Pritchard's statements, all of which we produce in another column, are worthy of the most careful consideration, for they prove that the tenant is far more fairly treated by the landlord class than by the class of small owners, and that religion has nothing at all to do with the difficulty.

The Howard Association thinks that our remarks upon its work are liable to be misunderstood. So we hasten to explain that when we put "warm slippers and hot-water can" into inverted commas we had no intention of charging the association with supplying prisoners with these things. All we desired was to hint that it was possible to overemphasize a tenderness for criminals. Sentimentalism is a horrid pitfall for the unwary in these days, when good folk must be doing something benevolent or die. The Howard Association has served a very useful purpose, and should not think that we quarrel with it because we are unable to sympathize with all its objects.

In a recent discussion in the House of Commons the colonization settlements in Canada of crofters and cottars from Scotland were described as a deplorable failure, and Sir George Trevelyan had very little to say in their favour. Sir Charles Tupper, who is a member of the Colonization Board, has been making an inspection of the settlement at Saltcoats, at the request of the Secretary for Scotland, and according to the latest information he seems to take a very different view of the matter. There was, he states, no trace of destitution or want among the crofters; none of them expressed a wish to return to Scotland; their stock was increasing notwithstanding the unfortunate experiences of last winter; and those who put seed into the ground last spring had secured a good return. Any of the settlers on the look-out for work were able to procure it at good wages, within easy reach of their homes; and even those who had abandoned their homesteads, not liking farming, were doing well either in lumbering, fishing, or in other kinds of employment.

The *Manitoba Free Press*, in referring to the matter, states there may be good reasons why State-aided emigration should no longer be continued, but that the experience of the crofter settlements in the Canadian North-West cannot be adduced as one of them. They have, our contemporary goes on to state, succeeded as well as can be expected, and "the crofters who persevere a few years longer will live to bless more heartily than they have done yet the day they came to Canada," and what is more, "they will be able to pay the Imperial Government every dollar they owe it."

VERSES TO ORDER.

Birds, that with your joyous lay
Welcome summer coming,
When the brown bees flit alway
Through the lilacs humming,
You are happy every day.

You can sing or silent be,
So, to sing the sweeter,
I must rhyme at her decree,
Rhyme in sense and metre,
When and how she biddeth me.

Yet my destiny, though hard,
Is not wholly cruel,
Since it giveth me to guard
In my heart this jewel,
That I am her chosen bard.

The London County Council was inclined yesterday to display an ungracious temper in regard to the Shaftesbury memorial in Piccadilly-circus. Mr. Beresford Hope reckoned its value under its own water bill for one year; which seems a brutal method of art criticism. Alderman Beachcroft thought it ought to be removed to a park; and Mr. Fletcher reminded the Council that another of Mr. Gilbert's statues had had to be removed. But it is quite clear that the main defects of the memorial are not due to the sculptor. We do not gather who was responsible for the high stone coping, which spoils the base, but that it was not Mr. Gilbert is obvious from his plaintive protest. Mr. Gilbert recommends that the coping be abolished, the water supply increased, and the stone steps turned into a basin. These alterations would vastly improve the fountain, and two have been passed by the Council. Unfortunately, the grumblers were able to veto the third, and the most important.

We all know how sternly the parental Government of the Czar rebukes the Russian Press when it dares to show the least sign of independence. One of the latest occasions found by the Russian Censors for the display of their obnoxious powers is rather surprising. Russia and France are at the present moment, as it were, walking arm-in-arm. We should have thought it pardonable, therefore, in Russian journals to imagine that a joint note of congratulation upon the festivities of Toulon would not only gratify their colleagues of the French Press, but gain the approval of their own government. But it has turned out otherwise. Yet the twenty-three gentlemen of the Russian Press who signed the note in question have, says a German newspaper, been summoned before the Censors, soundly rated for taking such airs upon themselves, and informed that they must not imagine themselves competent enough, or at liberty, to establish such relations with a foreign press; which is all very discouraging to a patriotic Russian.

The proceedings at the Congregational Union yesterday are calculated to amuse the judicious. The chairman, Mr. Albert Spicer, M.P., seemed to think that Congregationalism is a failure and Nonconformity played out, and that that failure must be explained by the unfortunate prevalence of Toryism. Large farms, he said, and the letting of the same in the interests of the Established Church (as if any landlord would do such a thing) have prevented their militant organization from doing all they hoped. But that, he explained, will be set right after a few more Acts of Parliament have been passed. Dissent has indeed come to a pretty pass if it needs to be propped up by legislation. Mr. Albert Spicer seems too to have joined his sentiments with those of a certain Mr. Pierce, who poured forth a clumsy ridicule upon the more scholarly class of ministers. He would have the minister to be (1) a preacher; (2) a pastor; (3) a leader; (4) a zealot. A leader and a zealot, of course, is the Congregational term for a Gladstonian, or at least an acrid sectarian. Messrs. Spicer and Pierce are on the wrong lines. If Dissent is to survive, its ministers must cease their exaggerated regard for politics and try to resemble the early Puritan leaders in their immense learning and in their preference of religion to the necessities of party.

Sir John Gorst's speech at Shoreditch last night, so far as it was audible, was extremely sensible. But the arrangements for the evening do not seem to have included any provision for order. Sir John got through a perfect storm of interruptions, which proceeded from Socialistic enthusiasts who had come for the purpose of making a noise. The antipathy these people have to anything which smacks of respectability is as remarkable as their passion against capital, or their fancy for the "Marseillaise." We daresay that all these mad opinions have their uses, or, at least, are signs of benevolent, if restless, minds; but they get a little tiresome. Sir John Gorst has great faith in the Bureau system for the relief of the unemployed, which was the subject under discussion last night. Labour registries are useful, and could be made very much more useful, but Sir John must know very well that to settle the unemployed upon the land, as he suggested amid cheers, would be but a palliative, and a palliative which is all but impracticable.

The Conference which met at Oxford yesterday to discuss Secondary Education was more significant than appears on the surface. It means that at last the Universities have taken up the question of preparatory schools, and are anxious to organize a proper course of training from primary schools upwards. The State in this country has never had any control over secondary schools, whereas both board schools and universities lie more or less directly under surveillance. In many of the colonies a series of graded schools has been arranged, so that a boy, if he promise well, may be continuously conducted from the lowest Board school through high schools and normal schools to college and university. The late Dr. Jowett was, it appears, strongly against these graded schools. But it is hardly clear on what grounds.

THE LITERATURE OF THE FUTURE.

THE HOROSCOPE OF BOOKS.

THIS is an age of books, but is it also an age of literature? Only a debating society could answer that question, and here it will suffice to remark that it is at least an age of writing, and reading, and speaking about literature. The appreciative translator, the critical abstractor, the expurgatory editor, are busy in the land, toiling to meet the demand for such pabulum; every high-school girl learns at least the names and dates of all the masterpieces, and extension lecturers personally conduct select parties to the heights of tragedy in ten trips, or to the depths of Browning in half a dozen. Even the older universities have even contemplated the formal recognition of English literature as a suitable field for examination. An increasing catholicity, moreover, is manifest in the public mind. Specialists in Scandinavian, Arabian, Dutch, Russian, Boer, and Creole letters bring their "studies" to the market, and receive a hearty welcome. There is an almost feverish activity in the discovery of exotic novelists and new schools. But up to the present, one great department of literature has been unaccountably neglected. There is, at present, no compact handbook, suitable for people seeking culture in a hurry, of the Literature of the Future.

It has been supposed that the literature of the future will be essentially quintessential, a literature of short biographies and elegant extracts. Of the critical making and unmaking of books and authors there is no end, and the years of man are brief indeed and few, with only odd times for reading. Culture shows an increasing tendency to admit this difficulty, and to avail itself of literary Liebigs. Then the ladies now want to read our books, some of which, in their entirety, were scarcely meant for their dear eyes. "I think the Sentimental Journey is just too delightful," said Honoria, sweet girl, the other day, fresh from her high [illegible], where all the literature is filtered before use, and administered [illegible] over, in homœopathic doses. The half-savage literary giants of the past, before they can be admitted to the library of the present even, certainly need to have their hair cut, their faces washed, and at the least neat nether garments provided them. And in the future the ladies will read more and more. The literature of the past was written by men for men; it savoured perhaps overmuch of the mahogany and wine, and long, vacant hours. The reading public of the future will be all busy and sober, and at least half of it in petticoats; and the writing man, if he hope to publish, will go softly and speedily with his pen. He must be deft and dapper and decent, like a draper's young man.

Books, then, in this literature of the future, will be shorter than they are now, a spray of short stories instead of a Niagara of narrative, in which respect Mr. Rudyard Kipling is in advance of his age; and they will also be as pure as Virginia, in which matter Mr. Kipling is altogether antique. But there are minor traits in which the coming literature differs from the past. The old literature was aristocratic, and this age is only the dawn of democracy. The old literature is full of subtle meanings, hinting quotations, faint allusions; it has a classical flavour, like a scent of lavender. The democracy will have none of your classics, it hates allusions and quotations, it likes a writer to be "clear and sensible," it is suspicious of being laughed at. Poetry, as everybody knows, has been a drug in the market for a generation or more, and is not the day of all cunningly wrought words and sentences almost past? The old literature had a soft voice and a gentle insinuating manner; the new literature will be a thing of loud bawling books, shrieking head lines, and slovenly grammar. If one may go to Paris for an English phrase, and fetch the poor dissipated wanderer home again, the style of the new literature will be "what you call dam cad." In the place of polished nudity we are to have a perfectly decent but "snappy" check suit. In the near future the infection of the new journalism will reach the novel, and we shall read in capitals that

"EDWIN KISSED HER WITH PASSIONATE FERVOUR,"

and each page will call aloud to its neighbour its choicest phrase.

But besides the literature of the future being brief and patent and proper and loud, is it not to "palpitate with actuality"? Pictures are more vivid, sudden, and actual than any sentences can be. We are to have fewer words and more illustrations, less wit and more photographs. No friend of the old order can view the rapid advances of photography and photogravure into the very heart of our books without profound dismay. One pioneer magazine already exists utterly devoid of letter-press. It may be merely a vain experiment, or it may be an omen. What if the coming generations prove more eager, busy, and rapid than ourselves? What if the little rivulet of text in the heat of that arid energy cease at last to flow altogether?

For why, after all, should the world always read? There has been much said and written lately about the reading of books; it is a panacea in some quarters. Many people, utterly wanting in the literary sense, toil tediously on pilgrimages through the "best hundred books;" Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, Browning, Shakspeare, seeking one knows not what mental health, and getting indescribably weary and footsore over veritable pavements of pearls. And many others, again, read for examinations, but teachers and public alike are drifting on to rebellion against the examiner and his text books. Suppose the number of people who so grind through books in obedience to a tradition of refinement or the needs of an examination subtracted from all those who read, and what is left? A host of novel readers.

Putting the mere epidemics of culture and cramming aside, we may add to the statement that this is the age of books, this—"and the books are novels." Now the novel is a ready-made day-dream—excitement without action. We are emerging from the puritan order, but our thoughts outrun our means or our courage. The servant girl in the kitchen reads novelettes of thrilling adventure with young men in dress suits—"Unhand me, villain!" The master of the house falls in love with Mr. Black's heroine, and there is no bother. Materfamilias reads stories of springtime widowhood, and of lost and disputed wills, or relishes novels of mortal parsons; and little Johnnie nowadays runs away to Zululand by proxy, as Master Twain scaled the Alps, without missing a meal. The novel is the alternative to adventure. Nowhere has the novel so strong a hold as it has upon the methodical, monotonous, half-employed bourgeois household. They do not read many novels in courts or camps, the wayside pedlar reads them not, nor have the yellow-backs a strong hold upon the green room. There one peruses living documents. If the new democracy redeem the threats of its socialist birthcry, and sweep the quiet bookish bourgeois away to Limbo, the novel will go there too. And then what literature will remain?

The millennial world, as William Morris has seen with prophetic eye, will read no books at all. Each man will have too much interest and variety to trouble about his neighbour's or his great-grandfather's fancies. He will read about as much as a speechless shrill just come to his inheritance. The whole world will be rebuilt in the Gothic style, richly inlaid, and going it at a fine pace. The libraries will be silent and desolate, given over to the dust and the moths. There the book-beetle and rats will gnaw at last undisturbed. Imagine yourself clambering painfully through the narrow passage to the British Museum reading-room, over the fallen ruins of its walls. Under the great dome all is silent and dead, save in a distant corner where some intrusive cat has set the rats scampering, and now sits up and glares at you. A black mantle of dust softens the outlines of seats and tables; vast stalactites of cobwebs and dust hang from the roof. The floor is knee-deep in torn paper, the dead leaves of the fall of literature. I would that all my brethren, the oft-rejected, could come with me into this dusty stillness, and there we would cool our hot hearts. Can you still abominate editors here? Here among the tattered volumes is Shakspeare come to oblivion, and Homer forgotten. They have, after all, had but a rather longer voyage to the same port as ourselves. At last our ambition is gratified, my friends, and we can hail these Titans fellows. They win their way to nothingness in the end, and end where we began and ended.

But yet it may be that though the whole paraphernalia of authors and printers and publishers and booksellers and librarians be swept into the darkness of things done with, though the reviewer cease from troubling

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and the editor be at rest, a select few may still keep alive, through that democratic night, the sacred flame of literary culture. Then will come again the days when men will write books for the love of it, will do so merely to read them again, or lend them to a choice soul now and then; and writing will be its own sole reward.

After all, the ideal book is, or should be, the author's manuscript. There is something inevitably mechanical and monotonous about print, even the very best print. Your ideal book should flourish gaily when the author was merry, having then laughing scrolls in its S's and L's, and playful twiddles and quaint humorous dashes about the R's and the Y's and G's. It should be plain and keep to the lines when his argument was grave, and become heavy and large as thought or sorrow crept into his discourse. Passionate emotion should shake his writing into an expressive illegibility. Every word in a properly constructed sentence should have its certain weight, which were best shown by the size of the writing. Authors in a wiser age will no more dream of letting their books go through the hands of a printer than would an artist of entrusting his brush work to a house painter. If, therefore, there are any books after the dawning democracy has come, they will be cherished original manuscripts, passed from hand to hand.

Yet again the book, though you read it not, has an outside with infinite possibilities of decoration. The coming democracy, to judge by its leaders, is to be a democracy of decorators, an Arcadia of Arts and Crafts. It may be that the author, when he is no longer read, will be at last fitly bound. Publishers, at least publishers of magazines, are beginning to recognize even now that the outside of a book is the part for which it is often bought. "I never buy the *Tatler* now," said Margaret, "it will not go with the new drawing-room table-cover. I take instead the *Esoteric Psychologist*." It looks perfectly lovely beside mamma's old china."

Hence from all these signs and portents we may judge that the books of our descendants will be these:—1, The mere stuffing of bindings; 2, the author's manuscript; and 3, picture albums. Much learning will no longer be a weariness to any one's flesh, and of the making of books, so far as their internal anatomy goes, there will be an end.

This is the horoscope of books.

THE THEATRE.

"LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" AT THE LYRIC.

THERE is a delightful girl in Miss Alcott's most delightful story who invoked the name of Christopher Columbus whenever she felt the need of an affable expletive. She might have found occasion for her little lady-oath last night. "Christopher Columbus!" so she might have said, "there is nothing about Christopher Columbus in the piece." And, indeed, there is not, save indirectly. The titular hero is, indeed, a descendant of the great discoverer, but he has otherwise almost as little to do with his namesake as the Don Quixote of Mr. Arthur Roberts has to do with the Ingenioso Hidalgo. It is a slender, insufficient piece of work; the result of the collaboration of Mr. Cecil Raleigh, Mr. Sims, and Mr. Caryll ought to have been more humorous and more attractive. The authors seem to have sought to write an extravaganza which should give as much opportunity as possible to two players. The two players are Mr. Lonnen and Miss May Yohe. Mr. Lonnen is a burlesque actor of very considerable ability. He has not the flashes of genius which illuminated the maddest mummery of Fred Leslie; but he is the only burlesque actor we have who can be considered as a rival to the imperturbable grotesqueness of Mr. Arthur Roberts.

Mr. Lonnen takes his burlesque business very seriously, in which he is quite right. Burlesque is one phase of the actor's art, and should be undertaken with as much determination to do the best possible with it as if the theme were tragedy or comedy. He works with an extraordinary zeal; his effects are elaborately conceived and scrupulously executed. If there is sometimes a sense of want of spontaneity in his merriment, this is atoned for by the earnestness with which he carries out the plan he has laid down for himself. So far as one man can carry a piece on his shoulders, Mr. Lonnen carried "Little Christopher Columbus" on his shoulders last night. If it had not been for the determined humour with which he assumed disguise after disguise; for the deliberate high spirits and good humour with which he sang this song and danced this dance, gallantly working with every muscle of his lean body, with every expression that he could force upon his whimsical face, the piece would have been in very poor case. For Miss Yohe has not the power that Mr. Lonnen has to support a piece by the strength of her mere personality. So long as she is singing her curious deep voice is eminently effective, but when she is not singing her dominion ceases. Her acting is meagre, her gestures want plasticity, her face wants expression, her speaking voice wants variety. In a subordinate part with several songs she would do very well, but she has not as yet the animation, the originality, the power of characterization which can put life into a large part and give changing charm to a long performance.

A certain curiosity had been aroused by statements that Miss Yohe had studied in Paris the dancing of Grille d'Egout, and intended to imitate it. Nobody, of course, expected to see *l'art de chahuter* expounded in all its Parisian perfection upon an English stage. We have a licenser of plays: Mr. Gilbert has not yet smiled England's Lord Chamberlain away, and the triumphs of Chaut-Kao, Sirène, La Bretonne, and their sisterhood are not for us. What Miss Yohe could do in the Parisian manner remains matter for conjecture. What she did do was some exceedingly restrained high-kicking, no higher than has been offered to and accepted by London audiences time and again. There was little hint of La Goulove or Grille d'Egout in this. But the *chahut* at its best is not a graceful business. It belongs in the major part of its achievements rather to acrobatic work than to the dance. Many of its eccentricities, again, have what may be called an Asiatic quality, are affined to the Hellenic Bibasis, to the dances of Gades, which the fathers of the Church compared to the feats of the daughter of Herodias, eccentricities which may exhilarate the disciples of the Moulin Rouge and the company of the Quatr-Z-Arts, but which are not to be looked for in a London theatre. Miss Yohe's performance lacked actuality; it was such a limited, subordinated, restrained imitation of its original that it really had no resemblance to it whatever, and only afforded one further example of the impossibility of transplanting Parisian pastimes to a country that is still so largely Puritan.

Any consolation that was needed for the absence of the gymnastics of Grille d'Egout was amply afforded by the graceful Eastern dance of Miss St. Cyr. Clad in raiment as floating and as transparent as that which the dancing girls of Rome adopted from Phrygia and Lydia, the dancer moved hither and thither in the languorous poses of Oriental women, her bared feet lightly touching the thick carpets that had been spread for her. To watch her was to remember Morgiana. A line of a Latin poet, "Femineum lucet sic per bombycina corpus," haunted the memory as the white figure swayed and glided, rhythmical, audacious, and alluring, in all the harmonious eloquence of the measure. This was the most attractive thing in the whole performance, but it counted for little with an audience that was vastly entertained by the sight of four young women turning head over heels at the conclusion of their dance. Molière once declared that England, for all its glories, had never produced a dancer. That reproach can no longer be justly spoken of us, but it is still unhappily true that there are a great number of people in England who do not understand and do not appreciate good dancing. Otherwise a dance that meant so much, that showed such a commendable ambition, that succeeded on the whole so well in accomplishing its purpose would not have been suffered to pass by so poorly rewarded.

"CLEAR BOUND."

"Clear Bound," by E. A. Gordon, member of the Japan Society, London (London: Sampson Low), is an account of travels in Russia, Japan, and India. On the title-page is quoted a Japanese proverb—"Send the child you love on a journey." This is not always practicable, and so the knowledge must be gained, so far as it can be, at second hand; and this book will serve the purpose very well. It is clearly written, and full of interesting, if not always novel, matter; an instructive production, with pleasing illustrations, one of them (that facing p. 190) really excellent

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—As President of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, I ask the favour of your allowing me to call public attention to its special need at the present time for £12,000, to enable the committee to carry through the important work of completing the hospital buildings.

From the ruinous condition of the old front building, which was formerly a barrack for the Light Horse Volunteers, it became absolutely necessary to rebuild this portion of the hospital. The remaining portions were rebuilt some years ago, and are in excellent condition. To carry out this work, which will provide much-needed isolation wards, casualty rooms, and dispensary, and to provide a new steam laundry, an expenditure of £20,000 has been incurred, towards which sum the committee have raised £8,000, leaving a sum of £12,000 still urgently required. The old front building has already been removed, and the work of reconstruction is now in active progress. Money is in consequence immediately required for the contractors. I therefore very earnestly solicit the help of those who have the means towards supplying the amount now needed, or to increase the current revenue by new annual subscriptions.

The Royal Free Hospital was the first general hospital in London to open its doors freely to the sick and suffering poor without letters of recommendation from governors. For sixty-seven years it has adhered to this excellent system, and during that period over two millions of poor people have received within its walls the best medical and surgical advice and treatment. During the past year 26,000 persons received its benefits, either as in or out patients. The cost of maintenance was £10,551, while the ordinary income from all sources amounted to £5,118 only. The large deficit had to be met by utilizing several considerable legacies which had fortunately been received during that year. In the previous year, 1891, there was, however, an absolute deficiency of £3,251, which had to be met by the sale of investments. Contributions to either the building or general funds will be thankfully received by any member of the committee, by the hon. treasurer, Edward Masterman, Esq., 27, Clement's-lane, E.C.; by the bankers Messrs. Brown, Janson, and Co., 32, Abchurch-lane, E.C., or by Mr. Conrad W. Thies, the secretary, at the hospital.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

DUFFERIN AND AVA.

British Embassy, Paris, Oct. 10.

JEWISH CRUELTY TO CATTLE.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—The allegations of cruelty in the Jewish method of slaughtering cattle for food have been so frequently disproved that it would appear to be unnecessary to reopen the question, but as Mr. Hamilton reproduces them in your impression of the 6th inst., it is as well that they should be once more refuted.

The main charge appears to be that the animal suffers pain in the preliminary process of "casting," or being thrown on its side, which Mr. Hamilton asserts may be done so violently as possibly even to fracture a limb. I adduce evidence to show that the casting is done with the utmost gentleness; and, quite apart from the fact that the Jewish law emphatically forbids cruelty to animals, self-interest alone, not to speak of higher motives, would induce this care, as in the improbable event of the fracture of a limb, the animal would thereby be at once rejected, and its flesh forbidden to be eaten. In an exhaustive study of the subject in the *British Medical Journal*—the organ of the British Medical Association—of December 10, 1892, page 1,038, it is stated that "there can be no doubt that the amount of suffering to the animal must be reduced to a minimum" by this mode of slaughter; and further:—

> The opinions of a large number of disinguished physiologists and veterinary surgeons are unanimous in the belief that the Jewish method is not more cruel than any other.

Again, in its issue of September 23 of the current year, it says:—

> The Jewish method, which consists in cutting the animal's throat with a long, broad, sharp knife, the trachea, jugular veins, and carotid arteries being completely severed at one stroke, cannot be considered less humane than the practice of poleaxing which is generally followed by other than Jewish butchers.

In the year 1883 I was requested by the Board for the Supervision of the Slaughter of Cattle to undertake a series of experiments on the subject, but being unable personally to carry out the investigation, I placed it in the hands of the late Mr. Shuter, one of the assistant-surgeons to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who had already devoted attention to the study of the question, and Mr. Roeckel, surgeon to the National Orthopœdic Hospital and administrator of anæsthetics at Charing Cross Hospital. Their report, forwarded to me some months later by the latter gentleman, Mr. Shuter having died in the interval, states (the italics are in the original report):—

> The first procedure was the *casting*: this was done skilfully, and without causing the animal the least pain, or even, apparently, fright. The next step was extending the head in order to render tense the neck, to facilitate dividing the vessels and other structures in the incision. This was done by means of a chain passed round the lower lip, and could not, I think, be described in any way as a cruel proceeding. . . . Next the cutter with a single incision divided *arteries, veins, windpipe*, and *œsophagus down to the vertebræ*. Mr. Shuter and myself looked at one another in surprise. We failed to see where the cruelty lay. We knew that if the large *arteries that supply the brain and veins* are divided, it must almost instantly be rendered so anæmic, or bloodless, as no longer to be capable of receiving an *impression* of pain; and surely this impression of pain is what is understood by the word cruelty.

The most eminent European scientific authorities, of whom it will suffice to name Virchow, Chauveu, Hertwig, De Mussy, and Du Bois-Reymond concur in bearing testimeu to the advantages of the Jewish method, and in refuting the charge of cruelty.

Mr. Hamilton's assertion that the flesh of animals killed in this manner "seems somewhat more prone to early decomposition, and contains rather more blood than other meat," is diametrically opposed to the teachings of pathology. I content myself by meeting it with one more quotation from the *British Medical Journal* of December 10, 1892:—"Certain physiologists have further urged in favour of the Jewish method the hygienic properties of the meat which, deprived of that factor so prone to decomposition—the blood—keeps longer, and can, they consider, be better dealt with by the stomach and other organs of digestion. It is further urged that the excretive materials contained in the blood give rise to chemical changes resulting in the production of toxic ptomaines (poisonous ingredients) which, by their repeated action, injure the constitution."

The superior wholesomeness of the meat of cattle killed in this manner, and subjected to the rigid examination enforced by the Jewish dietary laws, is too large a question to be discussed in the limits of a letter. I may, perhaps, be allowed to refer such of your readers as are interested in it to a paper which I contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* of September, 1889, in which I have endeavoured to show that the greater vitality of the Jewish very race at all ages is due in a very high degree to the careful selection of their meat supply.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HENRY BEHRENS,
Member of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons.

Norfolk-crescent, Oct. 7.

FIRELESS EAST-END HOMES.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Thousands of East-end families, through no fault of their own, are suffering the pangs of cold and hunger as the result of the northern coal trouble. Will your readers come to the rescue? We are doing all in our power to assuage the terrible suffering here in East London, but we are compelled to ask most earnestly for outside help. Cheques and orders should be crossed "London and South Western Bank," and a balance sheet audited by chartered accountants will be sent to every donor. Our appeal is urgent. Vast numbers of sick and even dying men and women are pleading for help. Every gift, great or small, will be promptly acknowledged by yours truly,

J. W. ATKINSON,
24 Years Latimer Church, E.

Clarmont, Cawley-road, E., Oct. 3.

Will positively cure torpid liver and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

REVIEWS.

HANS BREITMANN.*

In a way Mr. Leland's memoirs carry with them the same joy as Sir Richard Burton's, in that they combine the charms of the man of intellect and the man of action. Happily they differ in that Mr. Leland is still alive. The reasons for their present publication he explains in nine rather prolix pages of introduction.

It occurred to me as a leading motive that a century or two hence the true inner life of any man who had actually lived from the time when railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, gas, percussion-caps, fulminating matches, the opera and omnibuses, evolution and socialism were quite unknown to his world, into the modern age would be of some value.

But there was no need to apologize. It was not possible for a man of such accomplishment and experience to write anything but a charming book of reminiscence. It has the peculiar quality of all good work of its kind: it lulls you as you read, and you glide through hours and hundreds of pages insensibly. Occasionally one is pulled up by a small irritation. For one thing, Mr. Leland has got the habit of quoting incessantly small tags from the innumerable languages he knows. "*Jacta est alea*" adds nothing worth adding to "It has gone forth into print." *Les neiges d'antan* reappear perpetually, perpetually reprinted. "Fie at Justitia" is a miserable pun, equally unworthy of the admirable humourist. But those small jolts come only at rare moments, and only for moments; for the most part you travel smoothly on, unshaken. You travel also over a wide and interesting country. Mr. Leland's memories begin with Philadelphia in the old days, thirty years and more before the war. Astonishingly vivid memories they are, too, for a very young child, and, for the most part very interesting. The times were still very primitive.

There was in Dedham a very old house of somewhat superior style, which had been built, if not in 1630, at least within a very few years after. It was inhabited by three sisters named Fairbanks, who were very peculiar indeed, and their peculiarity consisted in a strange devotion to the past, and above all to old *English* memories of colonial times before the Revolution. Even in England this resistance can hardly be understood at the present day, and yet it may still be found alive in New England. In the house itself was a well, dug to supply water when besieged by Indians, and the old ladies used to exhibit an immense old gun once used by Puritans, and an ox-saddle and other relics. They had also a very ancient book of prayer of the Church of England, and an old Bible, and thereby hangs a tale. They were all still living in 1849 or 1850, when I visited them with my very pretty cousin Mary Elizabeth Fisher, and as I professed the Episcopal faith, and had been in England, the precious relics were shown to me as to one of the initiated. But they showed a marked aversion to letting Miss Fisher see them, as she was a Unitarian. So they went on, as many others did in my youth, still staunch adherents to England, nice old Tories, believers in the King or Queen, for whom they prayed, and not in the President.

The attitude towards books that marked the Philadelphia of Leland's boyhood, we may hope, was as equally different from the present order. Certainly it was rather naïve.

There was a gentleman in Philadelphia who was a scholar, and who, having lived long abroad, had accumulated a very curious black-letter and *rariora* library. For a long time I observed that this library was never mentioned in polite circles without significant smiles. One day I heard a lady say very meaningly, "I suppose that you know what kind of books he had *and how he obtained them?*" So I inquired very naturally if he had come by them dishonestly. To which he reply, half-whispered in my ear lest it should be overheard, was, "They say his books are all *old* things, which he did not buy at any first-class stores, but picked up at old stalls and in second-hand shops at less than their value; in fact, *they did not cost him much.*"

Against this sort of spirit Leland had many years of struggle. The interest of the early part of the memoirs is much less incidental than psychological. Leland had a voracious appetite for every kind of reading, and the state of feeling round him led him to look on it as a sort of secret vice, or at best an objectless waste of time. He was meant for business, and such distractions could only unfit him for it. But he read on, especially the works of mystics of every school and German metaphysicians. His attainments when he was no more than a schoolboy were prodigious, and he not only had knowledge but understanding. Says he:—

Such a dual life as I at this time led it has seldom entered into the head of man to imagine. I was, on the one hand, a schoolboy in a jacket, leading a humiliated life among my kind, all because I was sickly and weak; while, on the other, utterly alone and without a living soul to whom I could exchange an idea, I was mastering rapidly and boldly that which was *then* in reality the tremendous problem of the age. I can now see that, as regards its real antique bases, I was far more deeply read and better grounded than were even its most profound leaders in Anglico-Saxony. For I soon detected in Carlyle, and much more in Emerson, a very slender knowledge of that stupendous and marvellous ancient mysticism which sent its soul in burning faith and power to the depth of "the downward-borne elements of God," as Hermes called them.

But his good days began when, by the merest chance, he came to Europe with a consumptive cousin. He had never had any sort of freedom before, much less dissipation, and there are a dozen passages to show that even yet he has not quite forgiven his parents for their tactless treatment. But in Italy, and afterwards in Germany, his high spirits began to assert themselves. This is how he saw the Bridge of Sighs:—

For some reason this was then very strictly forbidden. Our Consul, who was an enterprising young man, told me that he had been for months trying to effect it in vain. It at once became apparent to me as a piece of manifest destiny that I must do it.

One day I had with me a clever fellow, a commissionnaire or guide, and consulted him. He said, "I think it may be done. You look like an Austrian, and may be taken for an officer. Walk boldly into the chief's office, and ask for the keys of the bridge; only show a little cheek. You may get them. Give the chief's man two francs when you come out. At the worst, he can only refuse to give them."

It was indeed a very cheeky undertaking, but I ventured on it with the calmness of innocence. I went into the office and said, "The keys to the bridge, if you please!" as if I were in an official hurry on State business. The official stared and said—

"Do I understand that you formally demand the keys?"

"*Ja wohl*, certainly; at once, if you please!"

They were handed over to me, and I saw the bridge and gave the two francs, and all was well. But it gave me no end of fame in Venice, for the Consul and all my friends regarded it as a fabulous joke of mine, inspired by poetic genius.

Then came the journey into Germany, and Mr. Leland became a Bursch at Heidelberg, and a very free Bursch too, from his own account. The world went very merrily with him amid drinking and singing, and playing and kissing, and other youthful distractions until the great year '48. By chance Mr. Leland happened to be in Paris at the time, and naturally in the Quartier Latin. Of the great twenty-fourth of February he gives us no comprehensive idea. It is the looker-on who sees most of the game, and Mr. Leland was very far from being a looker-on. But he gives a few incidents, striking or humorous, worth volumes of history.

The next morning I rose, and telling Leonard Field, who lived in the same hotel with me, that I was going to work in earnest, loaded a pair of duelling-pistols, tied a sash round my waist *en révolutionnaire*, and with him went forth to business. First I went to the Café Rotonde, hard by, and got my breakfast. Then I sallied forth, and found in the Rue de la Harpe a gang of fifty insurgents, who had arms and a crowbar, but who wanted a leader. Seeing that I was one of them, one said to me, "Sir, where shall we make a barricade?" I replied that there was one already to the right and another further down, but that a third close at hand was open. Without a word they handed me the crowbar, and I prized up the stones out of the pavement, while they undertook the harder work of piling them up. In a few minutes we had a solid wall eight feet high. Field had on light kid gloves, which formed an amusing contrast to his occupation.

He does not forget the comedy of the thing either:—

There was a garçon named Edouard, who always waited on me in the Café Rotonde. While I was working for life at my second barricade, he came out holding a napkin, and, examining my labour critically, waved it, exclaiming approvingly, "*Très bien, Citoyen Charles—très bien!*" It was his little joke for some days after to call me Citoyen Charles.

Again—

Over the barricade came sprawling a tall ungainly red-haired Yankee, a student of medicine, whom I had met before, and who began to question me as to what I was doing. To which I replied, "What the devil do you want here, anyhow?" not being in a mood to be trifled with. To which he replied, "Nawthin', only a kinder lookin' reound. But what on airth——" "But are you for us, or against?" I cried. "Wall, I ain't on no side." "See here!" I cried in a rage; "those who are not for us are against us. Any one of those fellows you see round here would shoot you at once if I told him to, and if you don't clear out in double quick time, by God I will." And at this he made himself scarce forthwith, "nor does he come again into this story."

And again:—

I had among my many friends, reputable and demi-reputable, a rather remarkable lorette named Maria, whose face was the very replica of that of the Laughing Faun of the Louvre; you can conceive it, of a very pretty "white nigger." This young lady being either ennuyée or frightened by the roar of musketry—probably the former—and knowing that I was a Revolutionist and at work, conceived the eccentric idea of hiring a coach, just when the fighting was at the worst, and driving over from the Rue Helder to visit me. Which she actually did. When she came to a barricade, she gave five francs to the champions of liberty, and told them she was bearing important political orders to one of their leaders. Then the warriors would unharness the horses, lift the carriage and beasts somehow over the barricade, re-harness, hurrah, and "Adieu, madame! Vive la liberté!" And so, amid bullets, and cheers, and death-stroke, and powder-smoke —*hinc et inde mors et luctus*—Maria came to my door in a carriage, and found me out with a vengeance—for I was revelling at the time in the Royal halls of the Bourbons, or at least drinking out of a bottle of it in the guard's house, whereby I escaped the expense of a truffled champagne dinner at Magny's —while the young lady was about fifty francs out of pocket by her little drive, probably the only one taken that day in Paris. But she had a fearfully jolly time of it, and saw the way that guns were fired to perfection.

And so on. Mr. Leland's stories about the American War are as interesting, but sterner. That was a serious affair. Though if anything were needed to enlarge one's idea of that tremendous struggle Mr. Leland's stories would do it. But they must be left as reward for such as read the book all through.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CLAIMS.

THE world may be a vain and fleeting show, but while it lasts it is a bitter school for pride and ambition. Scarce any rare or great thing is suffered to die grandly, but rather lives to be flouted and despised in its old age. Poets and novelists have shown the pathos of dead loves, forgotten friendships, buried empires, and ruined houses. The strenuous hands of men may pile mighty deeds one on another to build up a great house or a great empire only that the greed of a glutted trade or the vanity of a damned demagogue may pull it about their children's ears. Of the conquests of man what is more admirable than the secular growth of the faculties of art; and in its old age art must see itself bemocked by a toy of science—a twopenny lens, and a man with his head in a box. From those fields where the accuracy of science obtains despotic rule art must disappear, and, like the Highlanders, graft its sons on other lands.

A new claimant has arisen to the great and misunderstood title of artist. Photography demands admission amongst the arts. In the catalogue of the Photographic Salon (Dudley Gallery) it is said, "For the best work, as much artistic feeling, as much technical proficiency, and as much patience and care are required as in any other of the graphic arts." The name of artist is claimed and granted very freely nowadays, but I do not think we are ready to yield it to the photographer, except in the secondary sense in which we bestow it on the hairdresser. With justice photographers might claim to use and to develop taste. But taste alone, though it may be all that is necessary to give us enjoyment of art, cannot suffice to make an artist. An art is compounded of a craft, and an imagination which compels the material elements of the craft to play certain parts in the conceived ensemble. The word "art" doubtless occurs in loose phrases such as "To photograph with art," "To arrange a room with art." But would it not be better to say "with taste"?

Of late unquestionably some idea of taste has leavened the photographer's mechanical routine. A glance round the Dudley will show where it came from. The photographer has been educated by pictures. They have made him sensible of the defects of his camera; and he has had the good taste to improve it under the guidance of Tadema, Daubigny, Vicat Cole, the Impressionists, and other painters. But what he has gained he has not won from nature; everything has been given to him. It cannot be called art merely to arrange; you must also make. The taste of the photographer is comparable, if not equal, to the taste of one who arranges furniture and pictures which he himself did not make. The painter, however, displays feeling and imagination at all points of his work. Whether he renders truths of shape, of colour, of effect, or of distance he can obtain nothing blindly or without his full knowledge and design. At the least he plays the part of sun, camera, chemicals, and photographer. The photographer is only free to use a little decorative taste in the selection of a motif; in following a painter's framing of nature; in suitable definition or right choice of lens; in due exposure of the plate; in proper skill in printing a proof. Since the beginning painters have bullied photographers for their hard, unrealistic definition, and now those of some taste have adopted a more natural and more decorative softness. In fact, there is an old and bad photography which shows something unlike what the eye sees, and a good and advanced photography which uses its lenses, its chemicals, and its paper to produce something conformable to the human impression of the world.

The beauty of photography is no more art than the beauty of the Lake District is art. It seems absurd to bestow the title that we give to Velasquez upon a man who, without a lens, could make nothing of the *métier* of painting. The *métier* of painting implies composing for a certain shape and the glorification of certain features of a subject; making an illusion of form and space of the third dimension; creating a poem of colour, air, and light with two or three earthy pigments. Instead of imagining a scheme of composition, modelling, perspective, and colour, the photographer accepts as we take chocolate from an automatic machine. Any one who knows when he is in the presence of art must feel some difference between the photographs from nature in the Dudley Gallery and Mr. Hollyer's plate from Mr. Harry Bates's bas-relief of Endymion (1466). As to the other photographs, an artist would want to touch them and bend them to his will as if they were nature. They might stimulate his imagination, for they bring him some of the facts he would note on a walk or a journey. But he would wish to compose them, to infuse them with life, to remove contradictions and futilities that destroy the sentiment. The work of the old photographic and realistic painter you may be tempted to regard as no better; but you must admit that the worst painter makes all his picture himself, and that his ungracefulness is the stigmata of honourable toil in the most difficult of all crafts. Those noble qualities of hand and eye, inherited or learnt, which Ruskin justly counted a glory of the artist and of mankind, the lighter public, I fear, never rightly understood, and will be now all the less disposed to venerate. For, without either eye or knowledge, cannot any one purchase very cheaply by photography a sort of accuracy in drawing and modelling? The world applies mean tests of this sort to all ideals, whether of drawing or of religion, science, or letters.

I deny the new claim of the photographer because I am accustomed to a high view of the title artist. Once in my hearing one said to a well-known landscape painter, "So you are an artist?" "I am a painter, but I hope to be an artist," was the answer. Would not the glorious name of decorator satisfy some of the claimants to art? With few exceptions the bookbinder is modest, and scarce aspires to walk with Rembrandt. To my mind, however, his claim is more valid than that of the photographer, who should not class himself, as he does, with the etcher, but with the printer of etchings. I wish these gentlemen of the Photographic Salon were content to call themselves men of taste and to permit us to admire their photography as skilled labour of a very high order. Artists they are not, and never can be unless we employ another term for people like Velasquez and Titian.

Amongst the portraits, Mr. Hollyer's "Walter Crane, Esq" (258) takes the first place. The head has its due importance, and, with the hand, admirably fills the frame. Count von Gloeden's open-air figures—studies of nudes like bronze statues—are most interesting and beautiful, especially No. 99. It is impossible to describe all the fine photographs on the walls, or to speak adequately of the processes used. The visitor, however, should not omit to look at several specimens of printing on silk and canvas—as Nos. 221, 220, &c., which have a particularly aërial appearance. What pleases one most in this show is the great improvement made in choice and framing of subject, in variety of definition, and in the more careful introduction of the figure in landscape. This improvement may be easily seen in the work of Messrs. Craig Annan, Eustace Calland, Bernard Alfieri, Hans Watzek, G. Davison, H. E. Davis, A. Burchett, W. Thomas, and more men than it is possible to mention. No one comparing this exhibition with some former ones can doubt that photographers have succeeded in making intelligence and taste necessary to photography. That they should have tried to do this is a tribute which science has paid to art. These beautiful photographs make one think with increased respect of the artists who long ago discovered all these qualities with their eyes and imaginations, and so created the ideal to which science now turns disguised with the hard photography of former years.

R. A. M. S.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The universal appreciation of Sir Arthur Sullivan's musical setting of "Utopia (Limited)," an appreciation which on the part of the more intelligent among his admirers has everywhere been centred particularly upon its rich fund of humour, leads one naturally into some consideration of this particular quality in music, and of the use to which musicians worthy of the name have put it.

That humour is a gay possibility in music is, in the first instance, clear from the fact that humour is an emotional rather than an intellectual quality, and that music may legitimately express any emotions of which the human heart is capable. It may express them, that is, in its own way, not by attempts to realize the written speech of man, but in the proper terms of its own art.

Wit, for example, which is a purely intellectual quality, which is purely a matter of speech and of writing, and which may therefore be said scarcely to belong to the emotions at all, is not an achievement to be expressed in music. It has been attempted, indeed, by musicians great and small, but ever with deplorable results—a fact upon which we may touch later. For the present, our game is with musical humour.

Just as it is impossible to define, save in cold and unconvincing philosophical terms, common humour as we know it, so it is impossible to define musical humour. The appreciative man is aware of humour when it is set before him; and the appreciative musician—whether he be technically or critically worthy of the name—is also aware of musical humour when he encounters it. But if its definition is difficult and its character fleeting and evanescent, its existence is very real and indubitable.

Here are some signs by which it may be known: It does not exactly produce laughter, but it produces the pleased emotion out of which laughter is born; it has no laws of time or movement, if only it be based on the emotion of humour; it is not the same as gay music, for many a waltz and many another dance may be and are full of gaiety without having the slightest pretensions to humour—its quality is rather rich, full, and luxuriant; it never develops into horseplay, but, in spite of exuberance, has a marked restraint of its own. Why attempt to say more? It is recognizable by its own existence, and its truest and most positive quality is incapable of definition.

Mozart is, beyond all question, the greatest master of humorous music in the world. Gluck, with all his great gifts, had scarcely any humour at all. Beethoven, not lacking in a certain deep humour, chose too stately a form to give it much expression. Chopin was all too sad to think of it. Haydn had singular gifts of humour, too often thinly expressed, and with too smug a content with itself. Rossini had a brilliant humour, which was often superficial, and often unpleasantly conceited. Bach dreamed over his organ too deeply and austerely to harbour thoughts of it. Verdi in this respect is second only to Mozart. Wagner too frequently sought for wit instead of humour. Gounod has none of it. Saint-Saëns has less than none. Dvorák, when at his best, in dance music, has an admirable humour. Brahms is humorously impossible. Sir Arthur Sullivan has a peculiarly voluptuous and instinctive gift of humour all his own. Handel rejected humour when he chose a style. But—to omit all other names—Mozart is the prince, the emperor of musical humourists.

And it is to the opera of Mozart that one must go to discover the inimitable quality of that humour. It is quiet, yet irresistible. What humourous song has ever been composed than Leporello's opening song of "Don Giovanni," with its seeming innocent prelude of the commonest intervals, yet so full of a humour so deep as to reside somewhere below the depths of the notes, and rises to burst out in the cry, "No! no! no! non voglio più servir," and again and yet again; and all the while, though you are vastly entertained, it is not easy to explain why, until you recognize the humorous emotion from which the music was born, and conclude therefrom that the humour is utterly genuine, and has therefore found an utterly genuine expression?

But even in the sonatas, in compositions so young, there are many passages, which have for their fount some splendid gust of humour, notably in certain minuets and rondos. Mozart, however, though having this absolute command of humorous expression, did not develop very far, save by means of accompaniment (as in the "Deh! vieni"), the peculiar form of humour which, rightly fulfilled, is almost a new province in humour—we mean the humour of the orchestra. By this one does not mean musical horseplay, or musical witticisms by means of imitative instruments; we mean legitimate effects of humour by the perfectly appropriate instruments, and by appropriate devices.

It is in this respect that Verdi wins so high a place—the later Verdi, that is, the Verdi of "Aida" and "Falstaff." And it is here, to come back to the point from which we set out, that Sir Arthur Sullivan finds scope for his great personal gift of humour. He does not express it, as for the most part Mozart did, by means of mere melody and combination of melodies, but by admirable passages for the orchestra, giving place here to unexpected instruments, which there faint away and again wake up and run into each other's embraces. And, as we have before said, this humour has so far found its best expression in Sir Arthur's new opera.

On Saturday next the new season of Crystal Palace Concerts will begin, to extend into the closing days of April. On the same day Señor Sarasate will give the first of his performances, and on the 16th (Monday next) the Popular Concerts begin.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PEMBERTON, MAX. *The Iron Pirate.* (Cassell and Co.) Cloth 8vo. Page 320. 5s.

A tale of strange happenings on the sea.

RANKIN, DANIEL J. *The Zambesi Basin and Nyassaland.* (William Blackwood and Sons.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. 273. Map and illustrations.

The story of a journey made in the years 1833-4.

RICKETT, J. COMPTON. *The Quintessence of Caliban: a Modern Story of Evolution.* (Cassell and Co.) Demy 8vo, cloth. Pp. 276. Price 8s.

The history of a human creature who was discovered in Africa, trained at a mission station, and afterwards exhibited at places of amusement in London as the missing link. Intellectually he is on a level with other men of his race, but depends wholly upon environment and suggestion. He mingles with society in London, and is taken in hand by various theoretical reformers. This creature becomes at last clothed with a spirit-life, and so develops a conscience. The story deals with a variety of social and religious problems, and is transacted in Africa and England.

THEAL, GEORGE MCCALL. *History of South Africa, from the Foundation of the European Settlement to our own Times.* (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. 630. Six maps.

Vol. IV., covering the period 1834-1854.

THOMPSON, SIR H., F.R.C.S. *Modern Cremation: its History and Practice.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. xii., 164.

A second edition, revised and greatly enlarged, containing information relating to the recently improved arrangements made by the Cremation Society of England.

TOPHAM, JOHN. *The Temperance Science Reading Book.* (Jarrold and Sons.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. 246. Numerous illustrations. Price 1s. 6d.

"In this book I have endeavoured to present the facts of temperance science, founded upon the researches and observations of medical and other scientific men, in a form adapted to the capacity of the children in the upper classes in our schools."—*Extract from the Author's Preface.*

* "Memoirs." By Charles Godfrey Leland. (Heinemann.)

BORD'S PIANOS.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month. (Second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS SYSTEM. Illustrated List free of CHAS. STILES and CO., 48, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

THE WARES OF AUTOLYCUS.

Society and the stage may be said to have shaken hands on Saturday night at the Savoy. Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert are both society people, and their combination to amuse the society in which they move is one of the events of the season. Indeed, we have too long been denied the feast of Mr. Gilbert's caustic epigrams served up to us with the sauce of Sir Arthur's delightful harmonies, or, to put it from the musical point of view, Sir Arthur's beautiful musical sequence pointed with the spice of Mr. Gilbert's witty dialogue. The cordial hand-shake of the two collaborators was rightly regarded as the culminating point of a delightful evening, and the public went on its way rejoicing, grateful for favours to come, in the way of fresh operas from the two stars now in conjunction.

"Utopia (Limited)" is distinctly a woman's play. Excepting for a few occasional digs at the journalistic profession, for which Mr. Gilbert seems to have developed a special interest, and a grudge—the course of true love is bound not to run smooth in a romantic opera, but that its even tenor should be checked by a paragraph is something quite new—Mr. Gilbert has kept feminine interests well in mind. The English girl is the *motif*, the beginning, and the end of the play—the maiden of blushing fifteen, no longer scorned by Mr. Gilbert, but made the pivot round which the characters turn. A travesty of an English Drawing-room will be eagerly viewed by those to whom the floor of Buckingham Palace is a *terra incognita*, and Miss Nancy McIntosh will break a good many female hearts from sheer envy of her graceful bearing.

The new prima-donna will, indeed, be a serious rival to "Aglaia" and the anti-crinoline movement. She wears the most outspoken of crinolines, but she wears it with a difference. This graceful, swaying movement of hers will be the desideratum of Englishwomen, they will adopt the make but they will not have the *savoir faire* of the wearer, they will not mould it to their mood, or sway it in accordance with the gesture of the moment. Miss McIntosh reminds one of the early portraits of Queen Victoria, although her face is of the rather thin, wire-drawn American type, full of subtlety and spirit. The hair is dressed in the manner of the heroines of some of Millais's early portraits, and suggests an irresistible mixture of quaintness and stylishness, of domestic trimness and coquettish grace.

The sight of a skilful coloured sketch of the "Vernissage" the other day impelled to the following reflections. Would the majority of Englishwomen regard it with dismay, full of regret for the unattainable ideal realized by these Parisiennes, or full of relief at the sight of the extravagances they have been spared? For it is a fact that their mild versions of the French-women's splendid audacity were not "in it" this season. Where Englishwomen have gone in for a mild and tempered reminiscence of the early Victorian style, their French sisters, so early as last May, sailed *en plein Marie Louise*. Their shoulders were enormous—laterally, their necks absolutely *décolleté* to a point—the waist, and that worn a great deal higher than we have dared to wear it. There is absolutely nothing to choose between the scene, as depicted by the artist, and a *gravure* of a gathering in the Bois *circum* 1830. The white necks of the Englishwomen, as the artist remarks, would, perhaps, have dignified a fashion that has nothing to recommend it in the person of the callow, dusky-skinned Parisiennes.

The *Spectator* has added a new animal to its menagerie—the boy! It prints this week what purports to be a real letter from a real boy—a letter so dramatic, so concentrated in intention and literary aim, that it rivals Georgy Osborne's famous essay in "Vanity Fair,' and might have come out of a real novel. Surely a fond parent must have brought out its points, cut off its literary excrescences, and sent it in, a perfect compendium of schoolboy Macchiavellism. The boy wishes to be taken away from school; he heaps fact on fact, hint on hint, in a mildly unobtrusive manner, calculated to wring a savage parent's heart. What a clever letter, and what a hateful boy!

Yes, there is "an outer circle of literature," as Mr. Quiller Couch says. He has been reading the bookstalls, and their lesson. The outer circle is cordially despised of the inner, yet it exists, and flourishes quite independently of the small nucleus of "log-rollers" and superfine critics who have "made themselves an awful rose" of the "right thing in literature"—who have sounded *les profondeurs* of *fin de siècle* thought, and who scorn the "moral thunders deduced from butter-cups" of Kingsley, and style the supreme soul-questionings of Robert Elsmere as "naïve." For them what remains of possible sensation, of effect, of heresy? They have "come out at the other end," as the saying is. They could no more enjoy "East Lynne" or "Hereward the Wake" than they could write them.

But there is an outer race that knows not Joseph, and these pariahs from the literary paradise, these "outsiders," are cherished of that race. Sometimes, indeed, by the very force of popular opinion some such books are driven into the fold—"East Lynne," for instance, which not even the least eclectic of literary critics cannot afford to disregard as a negligible quantity. According to a statement made by the librarian of the People's Palace, it is one of the six books most often asked for; and if there is anything in *vox populi*, there must be some solid ground of merit under its incrustation of bad grammar and cheap sentiment.

But that is not the real reason, we fancy. The child is not always father of the man, but remains a child to the end of the chapter. There is a kind of infancy of the mind, in whose case the strong meat of a really good novel would prove indigestible.

We all have our salad days when we are green in judgment, and prefer clap-trap to reality, and false sentiment to true passion, and are content with views of life from which in after years we turn away in loathing. This stage, in a healthy intelligence, takes place in childhood. Who does not blush in reading over an old commonplace book full of trite sentiments culled from the worst authors, or scoff at the pencil lines of approbation scored in the margin of some worthless piece of text? One has outlived this period of intellectual density. Some persons never do so, and for them such books as the "Lamplighter" and "East Lynne" are the proper mental *pabulum*.

The late Mr. Ford Madox Brown's house was the earliest pre-Raphaelite social centre in London, excepting, perhaps, that of Mr. F. G. Stephens, once P.R.B., and present art critic of the *Athenæum*. At Mr. Madox Brown's receptions Wordsworth's axiom, "Plain living and high thinking," was faithfully carried out, in that, though every guest was welcome, no special preparation was made for their coming; "The feast of reason and the flow of soul" amply sustained the votaries of the new cult of art and literature. It is currently supposed that at these famous gatherings the ladies sat with lilies in their hands, in the angular attitudes suggested by the paintings of Rossetti and Madox Brown; that their vows were of outlandish fashion and cut; that their hair was undressed rather than otherwise; and that the absurdities of Bunthorne originated in these obscure bases of pre-Raphaelitism. There is doubtless a slight substratum of truth in these slanders, but the society which boasted such *intimes* as Rossetti, Watts, Swinburne, Morris, Millais, and Burne-Jones, must have had a good foundation of practical talent and genius to forgive a few follies of a new creed, whose originality and force warrants some little characteristic eccentricities in its promoters.

Royalty drove into York on Thursday to the martial strains of one of Mr. Chevalier's ditties—another sign of the dangerous fashionable popularity which is driving the apostle of the costers to classicize his muse, and remove it from the sphere which it adorned. The faithful exponent of the ways and customs of a class now immolates that class according to the sentimental dictates of fashion, which like to reduce everything to the level of the drawing-room song by Claribel, or a Soldier's Daughter. It is time the artist was brought back to the fold of *le vrai*. Shall the sun of Chevalier set in a baby's cradle? Must we exchange the manly and sprightly love-making of Mr. 'Enry 'Awkins for the *larmoyants* harmonies of "My old Dutch," "Darby and Joan" struck that note long ago, not wisely, but too well. It is said that Mr. Chevalier's ancient coster models loudly deny him in the market-place. In the ways of Whitechapel and the slums of Stepney a new laureate will be set up shortly if Mr. Chevalier does not take care. "That ain't like us!" they remark scornfully. On the head of Miss Jenny Hill now unite the real coster laurels, and Miss Jenny Hill is going away!

THE VOICES OF THE MORNING.

The Coal Strike and the negotiations for its settlement are further discussed in the morning journals. Conciliation is still the watchword except on the part of the *Daily Chronicle*, which anticipates the unconditional surrender of the coalowners. The war with the Matabele is also "leadered" by several of the journals. The *Times* and the *Telegraph* have articles on the Universities and secondary education; the *Standard* on European railway tunnels; and the *Daily News* on the prosecution of M. Paul de Cassagnac.

THE COUNCILS OF CONCILIATION.

"The ballot of the miners, and fortunately not the speeches of Mr. Ben Tillett, or even of Mr. Woods, M.P., though he may have a right to speak where Mr. Tillett has none," says the *Daily News*, "will determine the answer of the men, and we believe the men's reply will be influenced, as that of the employers undoubtedly has been, by the counsels of conciliation rather than by the diatribes of passion. One of the most cheering features in the news of this morning is the intimation from more than one quarter that the mediation of the mayors has influenced some individual employers to go further than the Federated Coalowners' executive have gone. For example, the Warwickshire masters are said to be already acting on the proposals of the mayors. They have declared themselves willing to open their pits on the understanding that the Sheffield terms will be accepted in them. We have no doubt that the men will be influenced by the kindly intentions of the mayors in the same way, and will do their part to make the mediation a success. They cannot fail to note that the most important part of the Sheffield proposals is worth some present sacrifice. If the Sheffield Treaty of Peace be concluded, then a permanent tribunal of conciliation is to be set up, at which the question of wages can be in future decided in some just and less cruel fashion than that now being tried."

"THE COALOWNERS WORSTED."

"It is sufficiently clear," remarks the *Chronicle*, "that the coalowners lack the moral courage to confess that they are worsted, and that they have made up their minds internally unconditionally. The process may take some time, for the ringleaders of the coal conspiracy have determined to die hard; but unless we are very much mistaken the practical outcome of the Derby conference will be a stampede to resume work at the old rates by the majority of the coalowners. Every collier who goes back is pledged to pay a shilling a day in the pick-out fund as soon as his wages will admit of it—for much preparatory work has to be done for which no wages are paid. The opening of the pits at the old rates means, therefore, that a substantial fund is guaranteed to the men who remain locked-out; whilst at the same time, the coal famine is mitigated and the *non possumus* argumentation of the irreconcilable masters refuted. There is, therefore, every ground for belief that the return to work in detachments, which is proceeding merrily, is the beginning of the end. The masters in their attempt to destroy the Miners' Federation have split their own organization into fragments, and such portions as still wear signs of coherence must inevitably share in the process of disintegration."

THE ISSUES AT STAKE.

"We are not concerned," says the *Times*, "to discuss the contention that in no case shall wages be subjected to reduction. It is supported by arguments which, we believe, the men themselves have never grasped, but which are put forward by politicians avowing objects quite unconnected with the wages question. It has been repeatedly suggested during the strike that the coalowners could continue to pay the increased wages by inflating market, if they got rid of their liabilities to pay royalties to the owners of the soil. These views were frankly acknowledged by Mr. Keir Hardie before the Royal Commission on Labour, and a day or two ago they were reiterated, at a meeting in support of the strike in Victoria Park, by Mr. Tom Mann, who said that the present struggle was preliminary to one on a much greater scale, that more was at stake than the rise or fall of wages, that the mines of the country must be nationalized—of course, without compensation to the present owners—and that when the workmen were thoroughly organized they would get control not only of the mines, but of the land also. We do not believe that such ideas have any real hold on the working men; but, if their leaders continue to oppose all compromise on a question of wages, now brought down to a very narrow point, we cannot avoid the conclusion that a trivial difference between employers and employed has been used to stimulate an agitation injurious to the interests of every part of the Empire."

THE CONFLICT WITH THE MATABELE.

"Although the collision with the Matabele," says the *Standard*, "has not been provoked by the officials of the Company, it has been regarded by most men familiar with local affairs as, in the long run, inevitable. The general arrangements of the Colony have been shaped in full view of the certainty of a conflict, and, if the occasion is untimely, it cannot be said to take the European settlement by surprise. Considerable advance in industrial organization has been made to remove impediments which even last year would have been of the most serious character. The railway from the eastern seaboard has been constructed up to a point which, if it leaves the expense of the transit by road still enormous, at least provides safe and swift carriage through the dreaded zone in which the tsetse 'fly' preys on beasts of burden. The converging advance on Buluwayo has to be made, of course, through wild and sterile regions which give singular opportunities to the Matabeles to practise their harassing arts of guerrilla warfare. But those who are forced in self-defence to encounter this race of tall, fine, warlike men, have something in their favour of which Matabele statecraft has failed to take account. Khama's warriors have not been demoralized by the tincture of civilization they have received, and their skill with the rifle is a set-off to the wiles of the enemy in rock and bush fighting. For some reason, the Matabele have never taken kindly to the use of guns, and mounted men who are practised shots may, therefore, be trusted to atone for their inferiority in numbers by rapidity of movement and accuracy of distant aim. An indefinite number of volunteers may be drawn from the Transvaal, and our own regiments have the saddest reason to know what Boer marksmen can do. It is possible that Lobengula, whose indolence and corpulence are said to dispose him to pacific courses, and whose intractable demeanour is ascribed to his inability to control the young bloods of his army, may find some pretext for surrender. But, in any case, there must be an end of the military system which hangs like a storm-cloud on the borders of the Company's domains."

SIR JOHN GORST AND THE ANARCHISTS.

"Sir John Gorst and those who shared his position last evening," says the *Morning Post*, "have certainly not crowded recruits backward in advocating social reform to an extent to which it has not always been easy for other thinkers to follow them. They were, however, contumeliously put on one side, and the most revolutionary doctrines were enunciated. From one point of view it is well that this should happen. It has shown the leaders of the unemployed agitation in their true light, and will probably prevent them from obtaining any more money from public charity, and will compel them to rely wholly on those unexplained sources by whose aid the necessary expenses of a committee have hitherto been defrayed. But while entertains a particle of self-respect to dissociate himself from a movement into which he has obviously been drawn under false pretences, and we may consequently look forward to the withdrawal of such an ardent worker in the cause of social advancement as Sir John Gorst, as well as of Mr. Powell-Williams and Mr. Arnold White. It is to be regretted that men of so much intelligence should have been so deceived, but they can no longer pretend to ignore the abyss which lies before them."

STOP ALIEN IMMIGRATION.

The *Morning Advertiser* urges the stoppage of alien immigration as one solution of the unemployed problem. "The United States," it says, "have long ago discovered the necessity of dealing with alien immigration when the aliens are penniless. But the argument for restriction applies with tenfold more force to the overcrowded and unemployed city like England than it does to a new and vast domain like America. Ancient theories unsuited to the practical requirements of modern times, are alone in the way of some such principle over here. It is all very well to be hospitable, but surely charity begins at home, and this is not the moment to swell the numbers of the unemployed by Irish importations from abroad. Let the Government take steps to restrict the reckless immigration of foreign paupers, who compete with our own working men and lower alike the standard of wages and the standard of living. Such a policy, by whomsoever advocated will be far more popular in crowded cities than the dry bones of the Home Rule controversy or the Welsh Disestablish over the corpse of the Direct Veto Bill. Workmen care nothing for the one and detest the other, but they know on which side their bread is buttered, and are becoming more and more convinced that unrestricted pauper immigration is an unmitigated evil.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

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Pall Mall Gazette Office,

18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

The Prince of Wales is to leave Newmarket after the races on Friday for Easton Lodge, the fine seat of the Maynard family in Essex, on a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke. There will be partridge shooting on Saturday. His Royal Highness is to return to Marlborough House on Monday, and he will be in town during the greater part of next week. The Prince of Wales will return to Newmarket on Tuesday, the 24th, for the Houghton Meeting, after which he is going to Sandringham.

General Viscount Bridport and the Hon. Rosa Hood, who have been paying visits in Yorkshire since they left Balmoral, have arrived at Cricket St. Thomas, the family seat in Somersetshire, where they will shortly entertain several shooting parties.

The Earl of Dudley's shooting party at Invermark Forest, Forfarshire, had grouse drives on two days last week, and 116 brace were bagged. Several very fine stags were killed during the week. The Earl and Countess of Dudley will leave Invermark Lodge shortly for Witley Court, the family seat in Worcestershire.

Sir John Millais has been fishing the Earl of Ancaster's renowned Stobhall water in the Tay, and he killed twenty-one salmon in four days. Last Wednesday the Earl of Rosslyn landed five salmon from the same water, one of which weighed 45 lb., and Lord Blythswood had thirty-eight salmon in three days. On the Earl of Kinnoull's Dupplin water, in the Earn, Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu and Mr. Brydges Willyams had twenty-seven salmon in three days, and their largest fish weighed 29 lb.

The ex-Queen Isabella II. of Spain celebrated her sixty-third birthday yesterday, having been born at Madrid on October 10, 1830. As her father, Ferdinand VII., abdicated in her favour just three years later, her Majesty, but for the unfortunate events of 1868, would be the *doyenne* of European sovereigns, and she has enjoyed at all events the royal title longer than any monarch of modern history except Louis XIV. Hundreds of bouquets found their way yesterday to the Palais de Castille, the handsome Parisian home of the ex-ruled Spanish Bourbons, but the Queen received no personal congratulations, for she went off to spend the anniversary with her consort, Don Francis d'Assisi, at Epinay-sur-Seine, his country seat, where a small family party met at lunch.

Mr. Labouchere has arrived at Folkestone from the Italian Lakes, where he proceeded on leaving Marienbad. At Bellagio, last week, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Labouchere were to be seen driving and boating together, and generally enjoying life, to the wonder of many of the other visitors, who could not understand the existence of such cordial relations between political opponents. Mr. Henry Matthews and Mr. Mundella were also staying at the same hotel.

Sir Walter and Lady Phillimore have arrived at The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames, from Penzance. Sir Walter is now quite recovered from his illness.

The Dean of St. Asaph has left England for a six months' tour in Australia and New Zealand.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells, whose vigorous utterances at his Diocesan Conference on the Labour question show that if he is, in his 84th year, somewhat feeble in body his mental powers have not deserted him, was a contemporary of Mr. Gladstone at Eton, and was nominated by his old schoolfellow to the See of Wells at the same time as Dr. Temple was appointed to Exeter.

The Bishop of Carlisle is somewhat indisposed, and has been obliged to cancel his engagements.

The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Nevill entertained a large party at Birling, in Kent, yesterday, all of whom proceeded at 3 P.M. to see the new church consecrated. The Bishop of Dover (Dr. Eden), under a commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury, attended at Birling, which is seven miles from Maidstone, accompanied by Sir John Hassard, the Archbishop's Registrar, to consecrate the new church and burial-ground, by the style and title of "Christ Church." The church is situated about two miles from the parish church of Birling, and has a population around it of about a thousand souls. The Marquis of Abergavenny is patron, and it is his brother, the Hon. Ralph Nevill, who resides at the Manor House and is lord of the manor there. The manor and lands have belonged to the Nevills since 1450, and several of their ancestors are buried at Birling.

Sir Richard George Musgrave, whose coming of age will be celebrated to-day, with all the heartiness of Border hospitality, is the head of one of the oldest families in England, for he can trace his descent in the direct male line to Thomas de Musgrave, Sheriff of Yorkshire and Constable of York Castle in the early years of Edward III., while his more remote ancestors were undoubtedly settled in Cumberland soon after the Conquest. For many generations the Musgraves were thorns in the sides of their Scottish neighbours, and their exploits, both warlike and amatory, are recorded in more than one stirring ballad. Through six centuries they have with occasional intermittences represented northern counties at Westminster, Sir Thomas de Musgrave sitting in the first Parliament of Henry IV. for Westmoreland, while the late Sir Richard was M.P. for East Cumberland at the time of his death in 1881. The baronetcy stands fourth on the list of precedence, having been conferred by James I. in 1611.

A man of great age and bearing a celebrated name has just died in Paris M. Charles Frédéric Cuvier was a nephew of the naturalist, and was himself head of the Protestant Department of the Ministry of Worship under Louis Philippe, and Deputy Governor of the Bank of France under the Empire. He died on his ninety-fifth birthday.

Sir John Boyd, who died on Monday at his residence in Roxburghshire, was Lord Provost of Edinburgh when Mr. Parnell was presented with the freedom of that city, and his refusal to preside on the occasion created some stir at the time. Sir John received his knighthood in 1891.

A historic bit of old Kensington is now almost demolished. For about a hundred years it was known as "the Terrace," and is said at one time to have been the only terrace in the "Old Court Suburb," as Leigh Hunt called it. At No. 1 lived Dr. Davis, who was a teacher of our Empress Queen when she lived as a girl at Kensington Palace. He became afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. Sir David Wilkie lived in the end house furthest from the High-street. The house was called Shaftesbury House, from the fact that the third Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of the "Characteristicks," had lived there.

Mr. Banting, at No. 4, practised his own methods of reducing his corpulency. At No. 5 Sir J. Fraser, a Waterloo veteran, lived; and John Leech lived and died in the house next to that which Wilkie had occupied. The gardens were extensive, and in them were some exceptionally fine mulberry and other trees. In the shade of one great tree John Leech was in the habit of entertaining his colleagues on *Punch*.

Mr. Jubal Webb, a well-known Kensingtonian, bought the whole estate, which covers about four and a quarter acres, and has a frontage of three hundred and forty feet to the high road. He has done one good thing to start with. In order that the roadway may be widened he has given to the public at Kensington no less than 2,700 ft. of the land which, if the township had had to purchase it, would have cost somewhere about £10,000.

"La Mascotte," with Miss Florence St. John and the company, at present appearing at the Gaiety, with the exception of Mr. Pateman, whose part of the King will be played by Mr. Fred Emney, will, by arrangement with Mr. George Edwardes, be transferred to the Criterion on Monday next.

A bazaar under the patronage of the Princess Christian, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and other distinguished ladies, will be held at the Kensington Town Hall December 6, 7, 8, and 9, in aid of the fund for free breakfasts and winter dinners for poor children. All communications and contributions are to be addressed to Mrs. H. Meyer, hon. secretary, 12, Elm Park-gardens, South Kensington.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes greatly enjoys discovering and measuring large trees, and every now and then revisits the few largest on his list.

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STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN.
LAST WEEK of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS'S SEASON.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
MATINEE TO-DAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.
A Musical Farcical Nondescript in Two Acts, entitled
A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.
Words by GEORGE DANCE, Music by JOHN CROOK.
Mr. Arthur Roberts and Company.

STRAND THEATRE.—ARTHUR ROBERTS as a Modern Don Quixote.—Electric Success. Great Success of the Cameo Gavotte.
MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2.30.

STRAND THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT.—A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.
NOTICE.—TUESDAY, October 17th, will be produced THE LADY KILLER and BINKS.
—J. T. MACKAY ROBERTSON, Business Manager.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, COVENTRY-STREET, W.—Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES begs to announce that the PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE will REOPEN on SATURDAY NEXT, October 14, when he will produce an entirely new and original musical farce, words by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenbank, music by Sidney Jones, entitled A GAIETY GIRL. The cast will include the following artists:—Messrs. C. Hayden Coffin (his first appearance since his return from America), Eric Lewis, W. L. Bradfield, F. Kaye, L. Bastock, L. D'Orsay, G. Fortescue, Fy Kinsman, and Harry Monkhouse; Misses Decima Moore, Juliette Nevills, K. Cutler, M. Studholme, L. Pounds, Maria Jones, M. Hobson, B. Massey, E. Selwick, V. Robinson, and Lottie Venne. Box-office now open from 10 till 5. Prices as usual.

PALACE THEATRE.—Open at 7.30. TO-NIGHT at 10.15, SCARAMOUCHE, Pantomime Ballet. Mdlle. Kigardi, Miss Helby, Signore Balbiani and Alberitieri, and Corps de Ballet. IDA FULLER, Kalkhas, Athos Troupe, Vesta Victoria, Lieut. Travis, Rose Deering, W. Morgan, Ryland and Godfrey, Florrie Leybourne, The EDOARDOS, O'GUSH, John Callan, The Horadors. A PAL O' ARCHIE'S, supported by Miss Lena Delphine, Miss Ada Blanche, Mr. H. C. Barry, and W. Morgan. Last Week—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION (POSITIVELY CLOSES NEXT SATURDAY) and CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW £2,000 free stands. BAND of H.M. SCOTS GUARDS, and FOUR OTHER BANDS. Beautiful ILLUMINATIONS. Admission ONE SHILLING. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

LAST FOUR DAYS of CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW, TWICE DAILY at 3.30 and 8. 6d. to 5s. SHOOTING the "CHUTES," 6d. GRAND FAREWELL PERFORMANCE SATURDAY EVENING NEXT.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-STREET STATION. In connection with all Railways. Through bookings at all Metropolitan Stations. New Portrait Model of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria. Magnificent group, containing Portraits of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York. The Royal Tiger Hunt. Political Celebrities. Cabinet Ministers. Rosa Pasha. Music all day. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Chamber of Horrors, 6d. Open 9 till 10.

ART GALLERY.
NEW GALLERY.—ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION. OPEN DAILY from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s.
S. C. COCKERELL, Secretary.

NOTICES.

The OFFICES of the PALL MALL GAZETTE and the PALL MALL BUDGET are now REMOVED to 18, *CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C., where all communications should be addressed.*

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE *is sent post free for any number of days to any address in the United Kingdom at the rate of ninepence per week or* 9*s. 9d. per quarter: to the Continent and all Countries in the Postal Union, the cost is* 1*s. per week or* 13*s. per quarter. The* PALL MALL BUDGET, *also post free, costs for the United Kingdom,* 7*s. 1d. per quarter; for all destinations outside the United Kingdom* 8*s. 8d. per quarter. Apply to the Manager,* PALL MALL GAZETTE, 18, CHARING CROSS-ROAD, W.C.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE, PALL MALL BUDGET, *and the* PALL MALL MAGAZINE *can be obtained at Neal's Library,* 248, *Rue de Rivoli, Paris; Galignani's Library,* 224, *Rue de Rivoli, Paris; and at the Kiosques facing the Grand Hotel, on the Boulevard des Capucines.*

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE *does not in any case hold himself responsible for the return of rejected contributions. He is, however, always glad to consider MSS. and sketches; and, where stamps are enclosed and the name and address are written on the manuscript, every effort will be made to return rejected contributions promptly. To ensure this it is absolutely necessary that the name and address of the contributor should be written on the manuscript itself.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Proprietors of the PALL MALL GAZETTE *desire it to be understood that all rights in illustrations appearing in their columns are reserved. Terms for permission to reproduce, or for the supply of blocks, may be obtained on application to the Manager.*

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3 LINES (narrow column)... 1/- 3 INSERTIONS ... 2/6
Beyond 3 lines, 4d. per Line per Insertion.
NOTE.—Each line averages about Seven words.
The advertisements can be repeated at the same rates in the PALL MALL BUDGET, *the Weekly Edition of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

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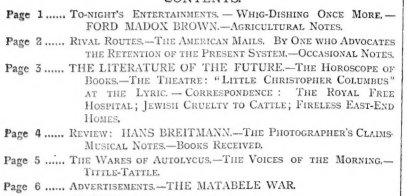
WEATHER FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.
South England (with London and Channel).—South-westerly winds, moderate inland, strong on coast; squally, showery, becoming colder.



Readings by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA's Instruments.

MAX GREGER'S PURE WINES OF HUNGARY.

As Supplied to the Royal Household.

THE PUREST AND MOST WHOLESOME WINE SOLD.

Of all Wine Merchants and Grocers, and at the Stores.

THE CIVIL WAR IN BRAZIL.

RIO AGAIN FIRED ON.

THE CITY IN A STATE OF PANIC.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The following telegram from Monte Video, of yesterday's date, has been received here:—Admiral de Mello has recommenced firing on Rio de Janeiro, which is in a state of panic. The fact that the bombardment continues is thought here to be due either to a perfidious breach of promise on the part of Admiral de Mello or to the fact that President Peixoto has refused to dismantle the batteries, and persisted in shelling the ships, thus drawing their fire upon the city. Much anxiety is felt in Rio de Janeiro to know what action President Cleveland will instruct Mr. Thompson, the United States Minister, to take, with regard to the question of supporting the Argentine and Chilian Ministers in a protest against the local diplomatic representatives of other nations interfering between the belligerents. They have raised the cry of America for the Americans, and assert that this is just the time when the Monroe doctrine should be unmistakably asserted. The declare that the other American Governments are well able to do all the interfering necessary, and are looking to the lender of American nations to come to the front and assert herself. Only Uruguay of the South American nations represented in Rio de Janeiro remains neutral in this matter.

ADMIRAL DE MELLO HAS ISSUED A MANIFESTO TO-DAY,

in which he declares that in case of success he will adhere rigidly to Republican institutions and forms of government. He says: Since September 6 the people have seen unfolding before their eyes a long panorama of naturally painful events which were due solely to President Peixoto's obstinate determination to hold on to power at any cost. President Peixoto is charged with violating the Constitution and sacrificing the most vital resources of the country by exposing it for many months to a civil war. I have solemnly declared, Admiral de Mello continues, and I now repeat that neither I nor my companions aspire to power for our own benefit. Our only object is to save and restore peace to the country and to liberate the people who have been subjugated and sacrificed by the iron hand of tyranny and by the inconceivable want of patriotism and reckless ambition of the Chief of the Government, who refuses to submit to the clamour of public opinion, which demands the restoration of peace in Rio Grande do Sul, and the abandonment of power on the part of President Peixoto. Unfortunately

CERTAIN INNOCENT PERSONS HAVE SUFFERED

by this patriotic revolt which I have led, but even they, I feel sure, will not fail to sympathize with those who, without any motives of personal interest, have constituted themselves the defenders of their rights and liberties and are now fighting heroically for the salvation of true republican principles. Therefore if some persons fall victims to the movement, and if the discipline of army life causes brother to fight against brother, all Brazilians ought to recognize the truth and see that the blame for these lamentable occurrences falls entirely not upon those who are attempting to save the country, but upon him who through unlawful ambition has brought on and unpatriotically maintains civil war in the bosom of the country. I am fully confident of final triumph in my campaign, because it is the cause of liberty and republicanism, and means the redemption of the country from oppression and tyranny.

DIPLOMATIC BODY AT RIO IN FAVOUR OF DE MELLO.

A Valparaiso correspondent telegraphs that a prominent German merchant from Rio, *en route* for the North, who has arrived at the Chilian capital, stated that almost all the members of the diplomatic body at Rio were in favour of Admiral de Mello, and that the citizens were only restrained from breaking out into revolt owing to the fear of President Peixoto's troops.—*Reuter.*

The fort of Villegaignon, situated on an island inside the entrance of the bay, which has hitherto maintained a neutral attitude, has now declared in favour of Admiral de Mello. The fort is garrisoned by naval officers and men. The guns on the fort are of an old type, and are consequently not capable of doing much damage.

ATTEMPTED MURDER BY A HUSBAND.

At Burnley last night, George John Durose, *alias* Baker, a clogger, went to visit his wife, and an attempt was made to prevent him from entering the house where she was staying. It is alleged that he fired four revolver shots at the woman, striking her twice; in the arm and the shoulder. She was removed to the hospital. Durose is still at large.

LIFEBOAT SERVICE AT MEVAGISSEY, CORNWALL.

While a strong gale was blowing yesterday evening signals of distress were observed at about seven o'clock. The lifeboat *John Arthur*, belonging to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and stationed at Mevagissey promptly proceeded to theassistance of the vessel, which proved to be the sloop *Jessie*, of Truro. The master availed himself of the proffered aid of the lifeboat men, and the vessel was taken safely into the harbour. In the absence of the lifeboat's services there is little doubt that the sloop would have been wrecked and her crew drowned.

ANOTHER ALLEGED BUILDING SOCIETY SCANDAL.

Yesterday at Newcastle-under-Lyme, William Edward Cartwright, solicitor, formerly deputy town clerk, was committed for trial on charges of misappropriating £300 handed to him for mortgage investment in the building society, and £700 belonging to a young Post Office employee entrusted to him for similar investment. Prisoner, at one time a town councillor and late solicitor to the society, was released on heavy bail pending a charge of having with Mr. Andrew Pepper, late secretary of the society, now under commitment for felony, conspired together to defraud the society.

FURTHER CHARGES AGAINST THE BOGUS EARL.

Henry Alken, alias the Earl of Elgin, alias Earl of Airlie, who has recently duped a number of military, naval, and volunteer officers by representing himself as a War Office inspector, was, at Bournemouth police-court yesterday, further charged with obtaining food and lodging by false pretences at the Wyck Boarding House, Bournemouth, kept by Mr. Edward Whittingham. The prisoner represented himself as aide de-camp to the Duke of Connaught, said he was the son of Admiral Commerell, and that his brother was in command of No. 22 torpedo boat at Portsmouth. He was in military uniform, and after leaving the house was arrested at a local laundry, where his wife was employed. The prisoner, who was also charged with stealing a typewriter, was committed for trial. He is wanted in London on charges of forgery.

A digest of the evidence taken before Group C of the Royal Commission on Labour is published to-day as a Parliamentary Blue Book. It deals with the textile, clothing, chemical, building, and miscellaneous trades.

The Duchess of York received 149 purses, containing £1,146 in addition to £312 collected at the stone-laying on Monday of the Mission to Seamen Institute for the Port of London.

NOTICE.

Arrangements have been made for the issue of a SPECIAL YACHT RACE EDITION TO-NIGHT, giving the result of the Contest for the AMERICA CUP.

FOURTH EDITION.

AGAINST THE MATABELE

THE COMPANY'S ADVANCE.

RETREAT OF THE ENEMY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(BY EASTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S CABLE.)

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday.

Four hundred men from Fort Charter, under the command of Major Forbes, and the same number from Fort Victoria, under the command of Captain Allan Wilson, are concentrating beyond the border.

The Matabele are retiring to the bush on the mountains.

Commander Raafe with 250 men proceeded to Tati yesterday, to join the Bechuanaland Border Police under Commandant Goold Adams, amid cheering for the Queen.

The Bechuanaland Border Police, with Khama's men, will advance from Macloutsie in a few days.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Sir Charles Metcalfe are both at Fort Salisbury.

Captain Heymann, who is in command at Fort Salisbury, who led the attack at Massakessi, declares that his position is impregnable.

There is no news of Mr. Selous.

[The above telegram appeared in our Extra Special Edition last evening.]

CONFERENCE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

The special visit of Lord Ripon to London yesterday was to confer at the Colonial Office with several gentlemen of noted South African experience with respect to the situation in Mashonaland, and he has now given full discretionary power to Sir Henry Loch to make war on Lobengula's impis in the event of the savage warriors continuing to harass the natives of Mashonaland or Bechuanaland. It is stated also that Sir Henry Loch has given permission to enrol volunteers for service in the Bechuanaland Frontier Police, to the number of several hundreds, and this step has been taken in order to bring up the official troops to their full standard of five hundred men on the southern frontier of Mashonaland, where now only some two hundred regular frontier police can be mustered. Sir Frederick Carrington, of "Carrington's Horse" fame, yesterday offered his services to Government to proceed to South Africa to take command of the British forces in Mashonaland and Bechuanaland against Lobengula should the position of affairs in those regions develop into a larger campaign than at present existing.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S FORCES.

The South Africa Company has, under the orders of Dr. Jameson, divided its complement of some eight hundred armed men into three divisions under the following officers, each of whom is well known to be capable of commanding a field force against native impis: Major Sir John Willoughby, Major Forbes, of the Inniskilling Dragoons; Captain Lendy, Royal Artillery; and Captain Hayman, of the Cape Mounted Rifles. The first two divisions of the Company's force have already left Fort Victoria and Fort Charter, and entered Matabeleland with the idea of attacking Lobengula's men from two distinct points. Each expedition contains 400 men, all of whom are mounted, many with thoroughly seasoned horses and Winchester rifles, besides machine-guns, some of which are Maxims. The third force, stationed at Fort Tuli, is comprised of 200 men. This force will now join the Bechuanaland Border Police, numbering about 200 men, who were commanded up to July last by Sir Frederick Carrington. Major Goold Adams, of the Royal Scotch Fusiliers, who was Sir Frederick Carrington's second in command, now has charge of this force, and his headquarters are at Macloutsie. It was this force which was fired upon a few days since by Matabele. He has about two hundred and twenty men at Tuli, where the Tuli force and the Macloutsie garrisons join, and their object is to advance at once on Lobengula's capital. It will be seen, therefore, that the Matabele king is to be attacked on three sides simultaneously. Khama, a king under the protectorate of Great Britain in Northern Bechuanaland, will be of valuable assistance, for he is to join Major Goold Adams with 1,000 men, all armed with Martini-Henry rifles and well drilled. This force will not only have machine guns, but two or three field guns capable of throwing shot and shell. Besides this Major Grey, of the British Bechuanaland Police, has been ordered to raise 150 men in the protectorate to reinforce the Border Police. Roughly stated the British force comprises about 2,400 men all well armed and equipped.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN EARNEST.

Mr. Theodore Bent, the well-known African traveller, in an interview yesterday, expressed an opinion that the news just received from South Africa of the joint advance of the Imperial and the Chartered Company's forces against Lobengula is very satisfactory, and seems to show that the British Government is earnestly taking up the question. There can be no backing out now. The Chartered Company will not only be assisted by the Imperial police, but also by Khama's men, so that Lobengula will have to fight the combined British forces, as well as his old enemy Khama. The campaign, in his opinion, can have but one result. Lobengula will be defeated. But, at the same time, the final blow has to be struck now, and if the British wish to avoid great difficulties, the war must be concluded within the next two months, after which period the rainy season will set in, when the Matabele can fight, while the British cannot. If the Matabele are not subdued before that time, the British will have to contend against a harassing guerilla warfare, and will find themselves obliged to take the field again in March.

THE VRYBERG RAILWAY.

The British South Africa Company inform Reuter that they have received a report from the engineer in charge of the Bechuanaland Railway that on the Vryberg-Mafeking Railway (the first section of the line to Palapye, in British Bechuanaland), the earthworks are being carried out over the first fifty-two miles, and that the first ten miles of bridge and culvert works are complete. Ballasting has been done on the first six miles. Seventy-four Europeans and 248 natives are at present engaged on the works. The Vryberg-Mafeking line is an extension of the line from Cape Town via Kimberley, and its length will be about 100 miles, or a quarter of the whole distance from Vryberg to Palapye.

AILING AND CONVALESCENT.

LADY BINNING.—Mother and infant doing well.
M. F. DE LESSEPS.—Is now out of danger.
MARSHAL MACMAHON.—Continues in a precarious condition.
MR. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.—Strength fairly well maintained.

MOONLIGHTING OUTRAGES IN IRELAND.

Intimidation is still largely exercised throughout the county Clare, and a case of the kind occurred a few nights ago near Scariff. A large party of men, some armed with guns, entered a house in which were a man named Daniel Griffin and a few friends. The visitors were masked. They asked Griffin why he cut hay on a farm from which the tenant had been evicted, and his answers not being satisfactory they beat him terribly. The house of a man named Hennessey, who had been in treaty for the purchase of the hay, was next visited, and he also was ill-used. Threats of a second visit were made.

FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

PREPARING FOR TO-DAY'S RACE.

ANOTHER CHALLENGER.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(Per The Anglo-American Telegraph Company, Limited.)

New York, Tuesday night.—There will be no postponement of the third race for the America Cup arranged for to-morrow. The injury to *Vigilant*'s bowsprit will occasion no delay.

At seven o'clock last night, as soon as *Vigilant* had cast anchor at Bayridge, the tug *Commander* was sent to the yard at City Island to get the yacht's extra bowsprit. The tug with the stick on board reached Bayridge at midnight, and landed the spar at Wintringham's yard. Fifteen men were put to work on it. The accident was caused by the tremendous pressure on the funnel or middle collar to which the stays are fastened. This crushed into the soft pine, and made it split away towards the foot of the bowsprit.

At one o'clock this afternoon the work on the new spar was finished. The funnel and straps for the foot ropes having been fitted, thirty men from *Vigilant* shouldered it and carried it down the wharf, where it was lowered into the water and towed to the yacht. It was hoisted to *Vigilant*'s deck and placed in position.

Mr. Iselin and Mr. Nat Herreshoff saw the finishing touches given to the new spar, and expressed themselves satisfied with it. Mr. Iselin, at one o'clock, notified Mr. A. Cass Canfield, secretary of the America Cup Committee, that *Vigilant* would be ready to race to-morrow.

The Accident to "Vigilant."

The bowsprit gave out while *Vigilant* was sailing the first leg of the course, and needed careful attention during the rest of the race. As *Vigilant* rounded the first stake-boat, and the strain on the spar was for a moment lessened, wedges were fitted in, and wire-rope lashings were put around the spar. It is said that when the strain was on, the seams were large enough for one to put one's hand into the opening between them. During the rest of the race the head-sails were eased as much as possible, at no time drawing to anywhere near their full capacity. It is probable, therefore, that but for the accident *Vigilant* would have beaten the challenger much more severely.

It blew a gale at Bayridge last night, and *Vigilant* housed her topmasts and lowered her spinnaker boom to the deck.

On board *Valkyrie* this morning all was quiet. Her men were much disappointed over their defeat, and acknowledged that their boat was squarely beaten. They are greatly surprised at the work of *Vigilant*, and say they have much underestimated her qualities.

The weather for to-morrow promises to be much the same as it was yesterday. According to the report of the Weather Bureau, the local forecast official said this morning that the low barometer was moving eastward very fast, and would be over New York to-night, but that no storm would come with it. At least as much wind as yesterday might be expected, and it was possible that the wind might reach as high as thirty miles an hour. The direction of the wind would probably be from south to east.

Ex-Commodore Smith said that he was glad to hear that there would be no postponement of the race, and that *Vigilant* had been so fortunate in getting a new bowsprit in time. Ex-Commodore Smith thinks the English will never win the Cup with a keel boat.

There was much interest among yachtsmen this morning in discussing the result of the race yesterday. It was the general opinion that *Vigilant* could beat *Valkyrie* on any point of sailing in any weather, but some thought the English yacht seemed to be able to hold close to *Vigilant* when the wind was at about six miles an hour on the wind, but could do nothing with her off the wind. When it blew harder *Vigilant* would have things all her own way.

Another Intending Challenger.

"If *Valkyrie* loses another race and the eighth match for the America Cup—as now seems very likely—another challenge for the trophy will be offered, the race to be sailed next season. It will not come from Lord Dunraven or anybody connected with him in the present venture. It will come from an English yachtsman whose name Lord Dunraven now has in his possession." That is the sum and substance of a statement made to-day made by Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, representative in this country of Lord Dunraven.

When Mr. Kersey was asked in his office if he had heard of any new challenge in the event of *Valkyrie*'s defeat he admitted that he had.

"Will Lord Dunraven be the challenger?"—"No."

"Will it be the Emperor of Germany?"—"Quite unlikely."

"Who will be the challenger?"—"Lord Dunraven knows his name. I do not."

"Is he a yachtsman who has challenged before?"—"No, because in that event I could tell his name."

"Will the challenge come through the Royal Yacht Squadron?"—"I think so, though all arrangements have not been completed."

A challenge for next season will have to reach the New York Yacht Club before January 1 next, in obedience to the ten months' notification clause of the new deed of gift.

New York, Wednesday Morning.—It is understood in the highest yachting circles in America that those controlling the keel boat *Colonia*, which was built to defend the America Cup, but was defeated by *Vigilant* in the trial races, will be willing to race their boat against *Valkyrie* immediately after the Cup races are over. At present *Colonia* is laid up at Brooklyn, but she could be put in sailing trim in forty-eight hours.—*Reuter.*

THE SUFFOLK TRAGEDY.

A VERDICT OF FELO DE SE.

A coroner's jury last evening returned a verdict of *felo de se* at the inquest held on the body of a farm labourer named William Souter, residing at Cockfield, near Bury St. Edmunds. Souter for no accountable reason waylaid the wife of his next door neighbour, James Crick, on Monday, and shot her, afterwards blowing out his own brains. Mrs. Crick has not recovered consciousness.

THE BATH CAVE MYSTERY.

RESUMED INQUEST TO-DAY.

Bath, Wednesday (Special).—The coroner's inquiry into the Bath cave mystery was resumed to-day at Bathampton by Dr. Craddock. The prisoner, Arthur Stevenson Coombs, was not present, but was represented by Mr. Titley, solicitor. It seemed probable that the jury had forgotten the day as nearly half an hour were by before they attended. When they had been got together James Robinson, a miller, who knew the deceased girl, Elizabeth Luke or Wilkie, stated that about three weeks before her disappearance she told him that she had made it up with Arthur Coombs, and they were going to be married shortly. She added that Coombs contemplated running away from home and they were to be married near London. On Boxing Day, 1890, Coombs spent the evening with her at witness's house. He never knew the girl had another young man. Replying to Mr. Titley, he said he had not heard her speak of a young man named Evans, employed at Dr. Barnardo's Home. John Edwards, fishmonger's assistant, said he used to attend the mission services, where he met the deceased and Coombs. On one occasion he spoke to Coombs, and the latter used these words, "She ought to be dead or killed." Pressed on this point the witness could not say to whom they referred. Coombs was not cross or excited. Vigis, a Bath chemist, proved treating the prisoner, just after August Bank Holiday, 1891, for a contused wound on the head.

The Board of Trade have awarded a silver watch to Michael Tomiloff, keeper of the Sosnovetz Lighthouse, in the White Sea, and a binocular glass to Jep Closter, master of the steamship *Venus*, of Flensburg, in recognition of their kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the steamship *Hesleyside*, of Newcastle, which was wrecked in the White Sea on July 24 last.

THE DARK NIGHTS IN IRELAND.

INTERPRETING MR. REDMOND'S SPEECH.

In the dark and troubled times that might be before them, declared Mr. John Redmond, M.P., at the Dublin Rotunda on Monday night, the Independent Nationalists would be at their posts no matter what might be said about them. The young men of Ireland were unquestionably upon the side of freedom of political thought and of robust Nationalist sentimentality, and they appealed to them that night to prepare themselves, so that they might be ready to face the future, whether that future be one for Ireland of sunshine or of storm, of peace or of war.

In search of an interpretation of these mysterious words, a *Pall Mall* reporter called upon the Secret Service officer in the employ of the British Government who recently informed us of the reorganizing of the Clan-na-Gael, for that gentleman has been conversant with the inner workings of the extreme Irish party since the inception of the Parnell movement.

"Whom does Mr. Redmond particularly mean by the young men of Ireland?" asked the interviewer.—"The presumption," was the reply, "is that he is using the term in the same sense as the late Charles Parnell. When the split in the Parnell party occurred, in the days of the Committee Room 15, Mr. Parnell's first appeal was to the young men of Ireland, and he frankly admitted that he looked for his support to them and to the hillside men. By this he meant—and, in fact, when challenged, he did not deny it—that he felt that the older men, the men who had gone through the struggle from the commencement, had had almost enough of it, and were satisfied—more particularly the small farmers—with the state of things existing at that time, their rents having been considerably reduced, and a certain amount of fixity of tenure having been secured to them. It was, consequently, to their sons he appealed. What he meant by the hillside men could only bear one construction—namely, those who, in the troublous times, dwelt in the mountainous parts of Kerry, Cork, Clare, and Tipperary. The class of men to whom Mr. Parnell then appealed, and of whom Mr. Redmond now speaks, are not only the most likely, but may almost be reckoned as a certainty to be the safest to follow in the active policy

Fostered by the Secret Societies

to which I referred in a previous interview, published in your paper a few days ago. And they are not at all likely to be led or to be stopped in their course by the clerical influence now at work. The anti-Parnellites are so thoroughly rely. It is the common remark of the old Irish peasant, when asked any question on politics or anything else upon which he doesn't wish to give a straight answer, to reply 'Sure and I don't know; I have given up that now. I am making my peace with God. The young men have no such compunctions, and they hate coercion, whether it be administered by the British Government or by the priests. When I refer to coercion by the priests, I allude to the discountenancing by the clergy of secret societies. Of course, the reason that the clergy in Ireland denounce secret societies is the same as that which prompts them to discountenance Freemasonry—they are not permitted to participate in the secrets discussed at the meetings."

"And is any special meaning to be accorded to Mr. Redmond's reference to 'the dark and troublous times that might be before them'?"—"There are two ways of construing his meaning. One is that he wanted his audience to believe that, by continuing agitation, Home Rule such as he and his party wished would be passed; or, in other words, that Ireland would become a separate nation; for that is the doctrine that the Parnellites are now openly preaching. The other construction was that Mr. Redmond is simply quoting words used in the famine times of '48, at an Athlone election by the late Mr. William Keogh, who, at about the same time of the year as now, in addressing the young men, told them it was the proper time for them to organize and act, inasmuch as they were approaching

The Short Days and Long Nights.'

"Those would seem very strong meanings for a member of Parliament to convey?"—"Well, I can only judge Mr. Redmond's future conduct by his action in the past, especially as he distinctly denies that he in any way repudiates any of his past utterances, and openly boasts, as he did recently in the House of Commons, that in his opinion the Home Rule Bill, strong as it was, was an utter failure, and not to be regarded in any way as a final settlement of the Irish question."

"What was it in particular that Mr. Redmond did or said in the past that you have in your mind?"—"When Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered on Saturday, May 6, 1882, there occurred this incident, which I can best relate in the words used in their report by the judges of the Parnell Commission: 'On Sunday Mr. Davitt drew up a manifesto recording his own horror and that of his co-signatories, Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, at the deed. The same day Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., spoke at Manchester. He too condemned the Chief Secretary's murder. But it is a point of high significance, noted at the time, that in this meeting no reference whatever was made to the murder of Mr. Burke.' Besides, the judges found Mr. John Redmond guilty of criminal conspiracy as one of the leaders of the Land League; and further, he has so associated himself with the Clan-na-Gael in America that one cannot help letting the fact have its due weight in the interpretation of his meaning now.

His Connection with the Clan-na-Gael

was of a very active kind, for he attended the Chicago Convention of 1883 as one of the Parnell delegates, and although that Convention was called by the Irish National League of America without mention of the Clan-na-Gael, there is the utterance of the judges of the Parnell Commission: 'We are of opinion that the evidence proves that the Irish National League of America has been since the Philadelphia Convention of April 25, 1883, directed by the Clan-na-Gael, a body actively engaged in promoting the use of dynamite for the destruction of life and property in England.' It should also be remembered that the man who was president of the National League of America at the time was he at whom I particularly pointed in my last interview, Mr. Patrick Egan, who was a member of the Clan-na-Gael, and was, as the judges noted in their report, entrusted with the proxies obtained through the instrumentality of the Clan-na-Gael at the Chicago Convention."

"Then you think Mr. Redmond's words really constitute an appeal to the young men to be ready for

Active Work in the Future?"

—"In my opinion it certainly does, and the speech seems to me to corroborate what I stated to you before, that the Clan-na-Gael are quietly reorganizing. I think the information of my correspondents on the other side is endorsed by that which appears between the lines of Mr. Redmond's utterances."

"You say that Clare, whose electors sent Mr. William Redmond to St. Stephen's, is already much disturbed?"—"Yes, Mr. William Redmond is the gentleman who went through Kilkenny and Tipperary in disguise, and under the name of Mendred distributed among the people newspapers and placards which were prohibited by the Government, such as *United Ireland*, the manifesto to the Irish people, cards of membership, and No Rent placards signed by Pat Egan. I recently had occasion to see Inspector Webb, who arrested him, Mr. William Redmond said he was sorry he had not gone to England on the previous Saturday, as his brother had told him he had heard that there was a warrant out for him."

"Are you aware of any steps being taken by the present Government to counteract this probable active work in the future?"—"I am not, and it appears to me that none will be taken until the thing suddenly bursts on us, when the usual excuses will be made. There is one point which seems to me very extraordinary—namely, that Mr. Morley, in summoning the Privy Council in Dublin now, leaves out all the judges and the former executive officers, and only summons Messrs. Dixon and Mayne, who are most strenuous Home Rulers."

PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA.

ANOTHER FATAL CASE NEAR ROTHERHAM.

Yesterday afternoon the following official statement was issued by the Medical Department of the Local Government Board:—"Five cases of a choleraic nature, two of them fatal, have been recorded in Grimsby since the 6th inst., and were preceded by a non-fatal outbreak among the shipping of infective diarrhœa, the existence of which Dr. Reece reported to the Board on his return from Grimsby last week. No death from cholera or choleraic diarrhœa has been notified from Hull during the last fourteen days."

Yesterday Mary Ann Mitchell, aged forty-two, the wife of a potter, of Rawmarsh, near Rotherham, died from cholera. She was seized at five o'clock on Monday night, and six hours later was in a state of collapse. Death ensued at five o'clock yesterday morning. A post-mortem was made, and parts of the stomach were sent to London for bacteriological examination.

The Outbreak on the Liner.

New York, Wednesday.—Dr. Jenkins, sanitary officer of New York, announces that after examination of the alleged cases of cholera on board the steamer *Russia*, the comma bacillus was discovered in one case, that of the female passenger. He adds that there is no occasion for alarm, there being no likelihood of the infection spreading, and no fresh cases have been reported during the past seven days.—*Central News.*

FUNERAL OF MR. FORD MADOX BROWN.

ORATION BY MR. MONCURE CONWAY.

The funeral took place this morning, in the unconsecrated portion of the St. Pancras Cemetery at Finchley, of the above eminent artist. The remains of the deceased left his late residence at Regent's Park shortly before eleven and the mourners who followed included Mrs. Hueffer, Mr. Ford Hueffer, Mr. Oliver Hueffer, Mr. William Rossetti, Mr. Arthur Rossetti, Mr. Bramley, Mr. Sam Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. Moncure Conway, and Miss Blend. Among the friends who assembled at the house and proceeded to the cemetery were Dr. R. Garett, of the British Museum, Mr. Norman McColl, Mr. Ingram, Mr. Arthur Hughes, Mr. F. G. Stephens, Mrs. Burne Jones, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Pyne, organist of the Town Hall, Manchester, Mr. Rowley, J.P., of Manchester, Miss Cave Thomas, Mr. Frederick Shields, Mr. John Hipkins, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. McClaren Cobban, Mr. Lewis Dickenson, Dr. Gill, Mr. Harold Rathbone, Mr. Luke (Limner) Leighton, Mr. Walter Jerrold, Mr. John Seddon, Mr. D. C. Defries, and Mr. Moncure Conway. On the arrival of the body at the grave the latter delivered an oration on the virtues of the deceased, somewhat after the custom at French funerals, and as now adopted frequently in this country. He said: "Friends, we have gathered under the shadow of death—a shadow, dark by reason of the brightness of the spirit whose task now ends. For us who have personally known Ford Madox Brown it is impossible to think first of the public loss, of the loss to art, so heavy is our own sense of personal bereavement. For the beauty of this man's mind, for the sweetness of his heart, the truth and largeness and tenderness of his whole nature, were such that he inspired a deep and lasting love.

His Friendship Has Given us Happiness.

His kindness has enriched our lives. He was a rare, unique soul, faithful in least as well as largest things, mildly invincible by any difficulties or sorrows. Well do I remember who in that time of terrible suffering, when we followed to the grave his son Oliver, a youth of the finest literary genius. Stricken as if by a thunderbolt our dear friend was not shattered. He set himself to soothe the bereaved ones around him, he supported them on his great heart, and he never faltered in the steadfast devotion to his beautiful art, which to him was sacred; for in art he recognized a creative power, able when perfected to forge the very weapons for his own art, he has sometimes been connected with a special movement vaguely styled Pre-Raphaelism, a movement worthy of honour. But our friend was never arrested in any phase of development. He steadily grew, and should his pictures be gathered together they would represent the steadfast progress of an earnest, thinking, and scholarly artist. Thirty years ago, walking through a collection in the North of England, I paused before the picture which had been painted as if with the heart's blood of the artist. It was labelled "Work," and represented the street labourers with their hods carrying bricks to an unfinished house. Some ladies passing by tried to avoid the dirt. Two men are looking on, Thomas Carlyle and Frederick Davison Maurice. Carlyle is looking at the scene, Maurice looking on with grave compassion. It was a picture full of far-reaching suggestions. There was in that early work of Madox Brown such reality, such impressiveness that for years I could never see Carlyle or Maurice without the scene rising to my memory. After that I came to know the artist, to watch his pictures, such as "The Corsair," and "Parting of Romeo and Juliet," and "King Lear," all full of most refined feeling and sincerity, and at length the fruitage of his poetic and historical work represented by these wonderful paintings that glorify the Manchester Town Hall? Mr. Moncure Conway made some further remarks on the knowledge implied in those paintings and the fineness of deceased's literary and artistic scholarship, and wished the noble heart farewell.

POSITION OF THE COAL CRISIS.

DERBYSHIRE MASTERS GIVE IN.

A Chesterfield correspondent telegraphs that an important change has come over the situation in Derbyshire this morning. Two more colliery companies have offered their men the old rate of wages to recommence work. Messrs. Brewis Brothers, of London, owners of the Boythorpe Colliery, Chesterfield, who employ 400 men, and the Teversall Colliery Company, who have pits at Teversall and Pleasley, are the firms referred to, and the men have decided to resume work on Thursday at Boythorpe, and as soon as the pit is in order at Peasley. The decision of the owners yesterday, and also the Mayors' proposals, find scant favour in Derbyshire, there being practical unanimity amongst the men in refusing to accept any reduction. Mr. Harvey, of the Miners' Federation executive says this morning that the men's battle is won.

Ashton Colliers Return to Work.

This morning two more collieries resumed work in the Ashton-under-Lyne district, viz., the Broadoak and Hurst Nook pits worked by Miss Maden. The old rate of wages will be paid. This will give employment to about 200 men and boys.

A Settlement Unlikely.

At a largely attended meeting of coalowners, held yesterday at Derby, the suggestions offered by the mayors of industrial centres at the previous day's conference at Sheffield were considered, and it was agreed that while reaffirming their conviction that the state of trade entitled them to the reduction of wages originally asked for, the masters, with a view to ending the present distress and dislocation of trade, would allow the miners to begin work at a present reduction of 15 per cent. out of the 40 per cent. advanced since 1888. The meeting further resolved that all men to be allowed to return, so far as practicable, to their former places, and that a meeting with the men's representatives be held at an early date with a view to the establishment of a tribunal of conciliation. The Worcestershire coalowners yesterday decided to reopen the pits at the old rate of wages, subject to a reduction of 10 per cent., on December 4. At a meeting of colliers held at Prescot yesterday, Mr. S. Woods, M.P., expressed his agreement with all the terms of the proposed settlement except the reduction. It that condition were insisted upon, he believed it would defeat the scheme. Several collieries in Lancashire have now resumed at the old rate of wages. A Leeds telegram states that the miners are determined not to accept the terms proposed by the Mayors at Sheffield.

The Miners' Strike in France.

Paris, Wednesday.—Two thousand miners resumed work yesterday in the Charleroi district. It is expected that a still larger number will follow their example to-day.—*Dalziel.*

THE DANGERS OF PARAFFIN LAMPS.

A MAJOR-GENERAL SEVERELY BURNED.

Considerable excitement was caused shortly after one o'clock this morning by an outbreak of fire at the premises of Messrs. Heywood and Burden, house and estate agents, No. 56, Grafton-street, Tottenham-court-road. The constable on the beat gave the alarm, and an engine and escape from Great Portland-street were soon on the spot, by which time the first floor was well alight and the firemen experienced some little difficulty in getting the inmates to leave the burning house. The fire was got under by half-past one, but not before considerable damage had been done by fire and water. The fire was caused by the tenant of the first floor, Major-General Rowland Farrer, of the Madras Light Infantry, overturning a paraffin lamp. The gentleman gentleman now lies in the University Hospital suffering from severe burns to his hands, arms, and head. His hair and whiskers are entirely burnt off, and his condition is critical.

EJECTMENT OF THE FELLOWSHIP PORTERS.

Yesterday being the court day of the Fellowship Porters, the men who have remained in possession of the Rulers' Office in Beer-lane during the last twenty days were expecting a notice from the officials of the Fellowship. Sir Reginald Hanson, the Governor of the Fellowship, accompanied by other gentlemen, arrived at the offices, and at once requested the men in the office to withdraw in order to enable him and the officials to carry on the business of the court. The men, of whom there were twenty-nine present, refused, and Sir Reginald Hanson then sent a request to Seething-lane police station that constables might be sent to eject them. The request was complied with, the men were ejected, and subsequently six of their number submitted their views to the court.

A SECRET SERVICE OFFICER.

CURIOUS EXPERIENCES OF A POLITICAL DETECTIVE.

"I reported the Prince of Wales once." The speaker was an old detective, or rather an old officer of the Secret Service, whom a *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter had caught in a confiding mood. He described how Sir Edward Jenkinson was succeeded as head of this service by Mr. Munro for a brief period, and then by Sir Edward Jenkinson's second in command; how the men in the service were paid remarkably well, with liberal travelling expenses which were never questioned, thereby arousing the keenest jealousy on the part of the less fortunate Scotland Yard officials; and how communications from the head of the service generally came in cypher—either ordinary cypher or extra-special cypher, the latter requiring to be elucidated by three separate codes. Then he came to some of his own experiences, foremost among which he placed his awkward necessity of having to report the Heir Apparent.

"It was

AT THE TIME OF THE DYNAMITE CAMPAIGN,

when every public man was guarded," he proceeded. "The Prince of Wales was doubly guarded, and his Royal Highness used to manœuvre in all sorts of ways to get away from his guard. He would even go out through the kitchen exit at Marlborough House, so irksome was the shadowing which was thought necessary for his safety. One night I was going home from the House of Commons, and, going through one of the squares, who should I see standing on a doorstep, minus an umbrella to protect himself against the heavy rain, but the Prince. I called a cab for him, and on reaching home I had to make out a report about the occurrence and forward it to Sir Edward Jenkinson, who was head of the service at the time."

"But why should it be reported ?"—"Because if anything had happened to his Royal Highness one of the poor devils who were on duty as his body-guard would have been held responsible." Sir Edward Jenkinson laid the report before the Home Secretary, who informed Sir Henry Ponsonby, who doubtless spoke to the Prince about the matter. A fortnight later, at all events, I was on duty in Marlborough House, and the Prince came up to me and said: 'It was you who reported me, was it?' 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Thanks,' rejoined his Royal Highness, and I felt pretty small over it."

"So even friendly shadowing gets tiresome, does it?"—"Evidently. Another man I had to report was the then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Right Hon. John Nash. It was in the Strand that I saw him deliberately watch till his shadows, two Scotland Yard men, stopped to look in a photograph shop; and directly their eyes were off him he bolted to the other side of the street and was away like an arrow after him."

"You Secret Service men don't know each other, do you?"

"No. For all I know you may be one. I remember once I was

TOLD TO GO TO BRIGHTON,

to take a room at a hotel there, to wire the number of the room to the head, and there await a colleague who would be sent with a letter of introduction. I was named, on that occasion, Mr. Wilson, and the man who was to come to me was, I was instructed, Captain Westgate. When the Captain arrived I found he was a life-long friend of mine, and he found that the so-called Mr. Wilson, to whom he bore a letter of introduction, was the husband of his first cousin. Although thus connected by family ties, neither of us had ever guessed that the other was in the same Secret Service as himself. We laughed till the tears came."

"I have heard of a Jim Macdermott, an ex-Fenian, as a member of the Secret Service Corps. Have you met him?"

"Oh yes, he's a great boy, is Jim. I recollect once

THERE WAS A MYSTERIOUS LADY,

young and particularly good-looking, who was observed to be constantly travelling between London and Paris. She was reported to Sir Edward Jenkinson, and by him to Sir William Harcourt, who was then Home Secretary. Harcourt gave orders that she was to be closely watched, and Jim Macdermott was selected to shadow her. He travelled to Paris with her half a dozen times, got acquainted with her, and was called on to report about her. He wrote in that there were no political intentions in the young lady's visits, and that they were simply pleasure trips. Harcourt, who was in a tremendous funk, as he always was when there was dynamite going about, said the report was ridiculous, and insisted on knowing with more particularity the objects of the young lady's visits. The report he got back from Jim Macdermott was, I should imagine, the most excessively informal report ever penned to a Home Secretary; and it involved, if I remember rightly, a gentleman who was at that time a Ministerial colleague of Sir William's."

"Didn't Mr. Labouchere once advertise for this same Jim Macdermott?"

—"Yes, he had some idea that he could get evidence out of him for the Parnell Commission, and he offered £50 reward to any one informing him of Macdermott's whereabouts. I showed Jim the advertisement, and he said he would

GO AND COLLECT THAT £50.

He called on Labby. 'You know this man Macdermott?' said the member for Northampton. 'Yes,' said Jim, 'and I understand there is a reward for him, £50.' 'Quite right,' replied Labby. 'Well, then, you pay it about you,' said Jim, 'because I'm Macdermott.' The upshot of it was that Labby tried to get some information out of him, and Jim told him to 'keep his —— £50, and to mind his own —— business.' But, although he was not a witness, Jim was mentioned in the Parnell Commission, by Mr. Davitt, in no complimentary manner. Macdermott met Davitt in the Strand afterwards, and told him it was a lucky thing he (Davitt) had lost one arm when a lad. 'Why?' asked Davitt. 'Because if you were a two-armed man, I'd have blacked your eyes and knocked you over to the other side of the street,' said the incensed Fenian detective."

"Then life in the Secret Service is not altogether without its humours?"

"I should say not, indeed. A colleague of mine had

A RARE GAME WITH THE "IRISH WORLD"

and Pat Ford during the hot times of the Clan-na-Gael campaign. By contributing a few violent articles denouncing the Queen and the British Government, this man, while actually in the English Secret Service, got employed on the staff of the *Irish World*, and for many months wrote bombastic rubbish of the sort that warmed the cockles of Ford's heart. But a still better joke was played on Ford after the O'Donnell trial. Sir Charles Russell defended O'Donnell, you will remember, and it was Mr. Justice Denman who had to sentence O'Donnell to death. My colleague sent over Sir Charles Russell's portrait, marking it as Mr. Justice Denman's. Ford reproduced it, together with some malignant letterpress pointing out the evil features of this tool of the hated Government, the cunning eyes, the cruel mouth and so on. It was not until General Pryor, the American lawyer, got back to New York that Ford knew that his abuse was all levelled at the very man who had defended O'Donnell."

"You're much doing just now?"—"No; but now that the Clan na-Gael is reorganizing we shall soon be busy again, and in the thick of all sorts of queer intrigues."

THE LOSS OF A RUSSIAN IRONCLAD.

On Sunday last some fishermen, walking along the beach near Bilderlingshof, a watering-place on the Gulf of Riga, picked up a bottle, which had evidently just been washed ashore. It contained a piece of paper, on which was written in Russian the following message from one of those who went down in the ironclad *Rousalka*:—"9.45 P.M.—The *Rousalka* has run aground. All is lost. Pray to God for our rescue.—FROLOFF." After opening the bottle the fishermen handed it over to the police.

VISIT OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO FRANCE.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The *Figaro* to-day says it understands that a British squadron will proceed to France before the end of the year to return the visit of Admiral Gervais to Portsmouth in 1891. The journal adds that either Cherbourg or Marseilles will be chosen for the visit of the British warships.—*Reuter.*

COURT-MARTIAL ON A BAVARIAN OFFICER.

WURZBURG, Wednesday.—The decision of the court-martial on Lieutenant Hofmeister, charged with violating his military honour by propagating socialistic ideas, was not pronounced until a quarter to twelve last night. The prisoner was acquitted.—*Reuter.*

THE RISING IN MOROCCO.

MADRID, Wednesday.—In the course of an interview the Minister of War declared that the Spanish Government are not disposed to magnify the importance of the Melilla incident though they are determined to obtain full satisfaction. Fifteen battalions are ready to begin operations. Before taking the offensive, however, the military authorities are awaiting the arrival of ammunition and provisions, of which a large supply has been shipped.—*Dalziel.*

A BRITISH STEAMER SUNK.

YOKOHAMA, Wednesday.—The steamer *Denbighshire* has been run down and sunk off Kobe.—*Reuter.*

SIR JOHN GORST AND THE UNEMPLOYED

ROWDY PROCEEDINGS AT LAST NIGHT'S MEETING.

Sir John Gorst Q.C., M.P., addressed a meeting at the Central Hall, Shoreditch, last night, on the subject of labour and the unemployed. The meeting, which was largely attended, was almost entirely composed of labouring men. Loud "booing" mingled with cheers greeted Sir John Gorst, Mr. J. Powell Williams, Mr. Claude Hay, the Rev. Arnold White, and the Rev. F. Summers as they took their seats on the platform. The Rev. F. Summers presided. Mr. Claude Hay, who was continually interrupted in the course of his speech, proposed a resolution affirming that the congestion of unskilled labour was productive of calamity to the workers, and a continual menace to society; that it was the duty of the State to discover a remedy for existing evils, and that employment was to be found in the cultivation of the land.

Sir John Gorst, on rising to second the motion, was greeted with hisses and applause. He said many of them had their own little troubles, and had been unemployed in their own way. (Laughter, and a Voice: "You have been unemployed since the last General Election.") Looking at the question from the side of society, they saw the enormous waste and loss there was to the community from the number of unemployed.

STATE INTERFERENCE NECESSARY.

He had been brought by slow degrees, and by the logic of facts, to the belief that the state of our society was such that there must be some interference on the part of the State if our society was to endure. (Hear, hear.) So far from the present social order being that absolute perfection which some people were supposed to say it was, he had been brought to look upon society as afflicted with some sore disease. (Cheers.) It was a disease which threatened the permanence and existence of society itself. (Cheers and interruptions.) Unless somebody succeeded in discovering and putting in force a cure for that disease, our present social order and present society could not possibly continue. (Loud cheers.) The first thing those people who wanted this social disease of the country to be cured had to do was to make Parliament call the Government to take this matter into their most earnest consideration. The next thing was to apply remedies to the acute symptoms and to remove the cause of the disease. (A Voice: "The cause is monopoly," and "There are so many quacks.") There was not work enough in the country for the people. (Interruption.) He was disappointed the gentlemen in the gallery would not hear him out. If they would not allow him to say what he thought in his own way, he did not think they were treating him quite fairly. (Cheers.) Unless we had a complete change in our agricultural system we could not prevent people leaving the land. What we could do was to set up a healthy counter-movement. We could make such attractions for the investment of savings, that people would come to the towns, not to stay, but to amass a little capital, and then return to invest it in a small holding. That was, briefly, his proposal, and it was not altogether visionary. The remedy for the present state of things in this country was to put the people back upon the land. No scheme, however, would meet with any success until we had a complete system of registration of the unemployed.

"BLOATED CAPITALISTS."

Owing to the constant interruptions and cat-calls Sir John was unable to say all he had intended. The chairman, therefore, called upon a speaker, who described himself as a Social Democrat, and who denounced all on the platform as "bloated capitalists." A violent scene followed, during which there were loud cheers for the "Social Revolution," and another speaker was assisted across the reporters' table and pushed on to the platform, but what he said could not be distinguished, and the disturbance continued. Amid the uproar the resolution was forgotten, and the meeting broke up in confusion at a late hour.

AN EX-MILITIA OFFICER IN THE DOCK.

ALLEGED HEARTLESS FRAUDS.

A clergyman's son stood in the dock at Bow-street yesterday. His name is Frank Young, a stalwart, good-looking young fellow, and he was charged with theft. The circumstances of the case were somewhat peculiar. Prisoner was formerly lieutenant in the militia, and his father is the rector of Walsoken. A few days ago the prisoner was charged with theft at Westminster police-court and remanded. During the remand the prosecutor died, and yesterday morning the prisoner was discharged for want of evidence. Immediately he left the dock, however, he was re-arrested by Detective-Sergeant Ward and Detective M'Carthy on three charges of felony. The principal witness against him was a prepossessing young lady named Ada Downing. She stated that on August 8 last she met prisoner by appointment at the Charing-cross Hotel, and there told he was Captain Young of the Swedish Consular Service. He said he was starting for Sweden in a few days, and proposed to take her to Stockholm with him. Two days later, but on meeting her at Charing-cross Station sent her on to London Bridge, where he promised to meet her. He did not keep the appointment, and when Miss Downing went back to Charing-cross she found that he had taken away the whole of her luggage, which was worth about £40 to £50. She was left absolutely destitute, and Sir John Bridge, when she applied to him on the following day, granted her an award from the Board of Guardians.

There was a further charge against the prisoner of stealing the goods of Miss Emma Guy, of 18, Bernard-street, Russell-square. The evidence in this case showed that the prisoner represented to prosecutrix that he was the manager of the "Paris Daily Telegraph." *Telegraph*. He said he wanted some assistance, and engaged her to act as his clerk in Paris. They were to go there together, and on the day fixed prosecutrix took her luggage to Holborn Viaduct Station. She there met the prisoner, and accompanied him to a restaurant, where he left her, saying he would soon return. As he did not come back prosecutrix went to the station, and found that prisoner had taken her luggage away. She afterwards recovered one of her boxes from the Charing-cross Hotel, where it had been left by the prisoner but most of the contents had been abstracted. There was a third charge against the prisoner of defrauding his landlady, Mrs. Lucy Stanton, of Euston-street, Euston-square, by means of a worthless cheque. Evidence having been given in this case, prisoner was remanded.

HEAVY RAINFALL IN LONDON.

The heavy downpour of rain experienced in London on Monday evening was followed by a brief improvement in the weather. Early yesterday morning, however, the rain again came on as hard as ever, and by 8 or 9 A.M., when the measurements were taken, a very large aggregate was collected in the gauge. At Tulse Hill and Wandsworth Common the amount was very little over an inch, but at Brixton there was about a tenth of an inch more, while at the Greenwich Observatory nearly an inch and a quarter was measured. The rainfall at Brixton was by far the largest recorded in that locality for nearly a year past; on the 30th of last October 1.3 inch was measured, but with this exception the rainiest day in the past twelvemonths yielded rather less than three-quarters of an inch of water in the gauge. As regards severity, the downpour of Monday night, says the *Daily News*, appears to have been quite local; and although the cyclonic disturbance which produced the bad weather travelled right across the north of France and our south-eastern districts, the rainfall on the Channel and south-eastern coasts was very slight indeed. At 6 P.M. yesterday the barometer was falling quickly at the mouth of the Channel with a moderate southerly gale, and with heavy rain. In London the barometer rose until an advanced hour in the evening, and the weather was fine and bright, but these conditions did not seem likely to last for many hours.

ACTION AGAINST LORD CLANCARTY.

In the Exchequer Division, Dublin, before the Vice-Chancellor, yesterday, in the case of M'Loughlin and Company *v.* Lord Clancarty, Mr. Jefferson, for the plaintiffs, applied for leave to substitute service of writ on Mr. W. Fowler, agent for the defendant, Lord Clancarty. The action was to recover £132 12s., for the hire of a four-wheeled dog-cart and landau, and for money paid by the plaintiff for the defendant. The money paid was for painting Lord Clancarty's crest, and also for armorial bearings on duty. The plaintiff, in his affidavit, said the amount claimed had not been disputed by the defendant. The writ was issued on October 3, addressed to the defendant at Garbally Castle, Ballinasloe, county Galway, and was delivered to a local process-server, who made several attempts to serve the writ on the defendant, but had informed the deponent that the defendant was at present out of Ireland. Deponent was informed that the defendant would not be back for a considerable time. He believed Lord Clancarty was travelling about in England; that there were other actions pending against him for £850, for goods sold and delivered; and that defendant was in embarrassed circumstances. The defendant had considerable landed property in county Galway, and his agent, Mr. Fowler, was in communication with him. The motion was granted.

THE WELSH LAND COMMISSION.

EVIDENCE OF MR. J. M. PRITCHARD.

The Welsh Land Commissioners opened their inquiry for the Island of Anglesey, at Llangetni, yesterday, Lord Kenyon presiding. Mr. J. M. Pritchard, of Holyhead, said he had been a bank manager at Holyhead for twenty years, and knew the exact position of the farmers. He divided landlords into two classes. In class A he would put fifteen or twenty owners, who held three-fourths of the island, and were, he believed, Churchmen, Churchwomen, and Conservatives, including the Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Lord Boston, Sir Richard Bulkeley, and Mr Frederick Wynne. Class B consisted of 200 to 300 persons, who were almost all Nonconformists and Liberals. The distinguished feature of Class A was that they charged 75 per cent. less than Class B. The proof of this was that when Class A sold, as unfortunately they often did nowadays, and Class B bought, which was usually the case, the rents were immediately raised. When Class B sold and Class A bought, which rarely happened now but in former days happened frequently, Class A reduced the rent as a rule. It would thus be disastrous to increase Class B, or the Nonconformist and Liberal landowners, as the agitators desired; it would cause positive consternation if Sir George Meyrick, Lord Stanley, and others were to declare that they were going to sell their farms.

THE RETURNS ON FARMS.

Later on Mr. Pritchard said that a Class B landlord bought a farm the other day out of which twenty acres had been taken, and immediately raised the rent by £75. The late Lord Newborough spent £1,300 on improvements on four farms which brought in £120 rent, and did not advance the rent a penny. Mr. Fred Wynne now only received 1 per cent. on the outlay. To three-fourths of Anglesey a Land Act would do irreparable mischief. The present condition of the tenantry of Anglesey was, on the whole, prosperous, and the Commission would be very much astonished if he told them the total amount of the deposits of tenant farmers of the island.

Replying to a question, witness said his grazing farm was very profitable indeed, and he could clear £150 a year from a small dairy farm he had near Holyhead. Being pressed for the names of the farms he had referred to in his evidence, witness said he would hand them to the commissioners, but he preferred not to name them in public. One or two persons who had given evidence before the Commission let their farms very high, but he did not wish to name them.

Several other witnesses having given evidence, the proceedings were again adjourned.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY A LADY.

ROMANTIC AND MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

MADRID, Wednesday.—A young lady, tall and fair, about twenty-three years of age, arrived in this city alone yesterday, and alighted at the Hotel de Paris, a Portuguese gentleman accompanying her as far as the door of the hotel. After breakfast this morning she retired to her room, where she ordered a bottle of brandy to be brought to her, and commenced writing letters. After a short interval the people in the hotel were alarmed by the report of a pistol-shot proceeding from the room occupied by the newcomer, and on entering the apartment they found her lying on the sofa shot through the side below the heart, the bullet having lodged in the left arm. The lady has given the name of Brown to the hotel proprietor, but from some papers found in her possession it is believed that the name was assumed. As she is a native of Chicago, the United States Legation was communicated with, and the American officials, acting in unison with the police, ordered her to be removed to the hospital, whither she was conveyed in a dying condition. It has transpired that the lady left Chicago some time back for London in the company of an Englishman. Of late she has been travelling in Portugal and Spain, and it is believed that she made the attempt on her life in consequence of a love affair in which she was concerned, in the Island of Teneriffe. Only a few pounds were found in her possession.—*Reuter.*

THE LIBERATOR GROUP OF COMPANIES.

SERIOUS OUTLOOK FOR SHAREHOLDERS.

The misery caused by the failure of the Liberator group of companies is likely to be seriously increased by the decision of the Official Receiver to make an early call on the shareholders of the House and Land Investment Trust. When this company was formed, under the auspices of Jabez Balfour, about twenty years ago, the shares were of the nominal value of £10 each, but only £2 was paid up, and it was stated by the promoters, who were all more or less connected with the Liberator Building Society, that there was little or no likelihood of the unpaid capital ever being required. Two years ago Mr. Balfour, the chairman of the company, decided that the value of the shares should be reduced to £5 each, on which £1 per share should be regarded as paid up, and this decision was ratified by the board of directors. Immediately afterwards, three calls of 10s. per share were made in rapid succession, the last two being paid within a few months of the stoppage. This makes £2 10s. paid up, leaving a further sum of £2 10s. due upon each share. Several shareholders have appealed to the Official Receiver to omit their names from the list of contributories, and various reasons have been given why they should not be called upon to pay this demand. In reply to these representations the Official Receiver has issued the following circular letter:—"All persons who were shareholders at the date of the winding-up order must be included in the list of contributories, but when you receive a notice of the call which will shortly be made on the shares you should forward an affidavit stating exactly of what your property consists, your means and sources of income, and your inability to pay the call in full. This must be sworn before a justice of the peace or a commissioner for oaths. You should, at the same time, make an offer of compromise, which will be brought before the committee of inspection for their consideration."

LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN.

The Mackay Prizes of £25 and £15 respectively have been awarded to Miss Stoney and Miss Vaughan. These prizes are awarded on the combined results of the class examinations for the first two years' study at the school. They are given from a fund provided by Mrs. Wright to commemorate the memory of her brother.

THIS MORNING'S WEATHER REPORTS.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.—Newhaven, S.W., fine, but dull, sea rough, temp. 57; Ryde, S.W., line morning, 58; Worthing, S.W., cloudy, sea rough, 59.

AT 9 O'CLOCK.—Margate, temp. 58, bar. 29.86, falling, wind S, strong; cloudy; Aberystwyth, S.W., fine, sea choppy; Burmouth, W., sunshine, moderate; Brighton, S.W., cloudy, sea rough; Eastbourne, S.W., cloudy, sea rough; Hastings, W., fine, sea rough; Cromer, S.W., cloudy, bar. 29.40, falling; Lowestoft, S.W., cloudy, bar. 29.7, steady; Harwich, dull; Falmouth, N.W., overcast, sea smooth; Penzance, N.E., showery, sea moderate; Plymouth, N., fine, sea smooth; Teignmouth, N.W., cloudy, sea smooth; Torquay, W., cloudy, sea choppy; Weston-super-Mare, W., cloudy, sea smooth; Weymouth, W., stormy, sea moderate; New Milford, W., fine, sea calm.

AT 9.30.—Boulogne, clear and fine, temp. 56; Berne, fine morning, 57; Calais, cloudless sky, 54; Bienne, Macolin, fine, some clouds, 55; Paris, fine morning, 56; Brunig, clear and fine 54; Caux-sur-Montreux, cloudy, 56; Geneva, unsettled, 58; Lausanne, fine, some clouds, 57; Lucerne, fine morning, 56; Brussels, cloudy, but fine, 54; Neuchatel, dull, but fine, 52; Ostend, cloudy, 54; Vevey Montreux, fine morning, 57, Rome, fine morning, 70; Zermatt, fine, some clouds, 49; Baden-Baden, cloudy, 52; Queenboro', overcast, warm wind, slight sea, 57.

TO-MORROW'S MAILS AND SHIP LETTERS.

MAILS TO BE DESPATCHED.—Morning: To Egypt by Austrian packet; to New South Wales, South and West Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria (parcel mails). Evening: To Canada, &c., via Londonderry.

MAILS DUE.—From United States, &c., via Queenstown; from New Zealand, &c., via San Francisco.

PRIVATE SHIP LETTERS.—The *Furnessia*, from Glasgow and Moville, for New York; the *Orcot, Edith, Swift*, or *Leona*, from Hull for Rotterdam; the *Rona* or *Thorsa* from Leith for Copenhagen and Christiania; ——, from Southampton for Cherbourg.

[Letters intended to be sent by private ship must be specially addressed "By Private Ship," and it by a particular ship its name must be added.]

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

CITY NOTES.

SHIPPING DIFFICULTIES.

We yesterday referred to difficulties in the shipowning trade. It is now reported that the bills of Messrs. F. Strumore and Co., of 34, Leadenhall-street, shipowners, of the Tower Line, have been returned. The liabilities are said to exceed £100,000.

NEW RAILWAY PROJECTS—A WORD IN TIME.

Important proposals of railway construction are in the air. On Saturday we were able to refer to the scheme for improving the communication between Bradford, Sheffield, Birmingham, and London, and now another group of business centres is put forward for considera-tion. It comprises Manchester, Newcastle, and Glasgow, the proposal being to connect these by a new trunk line about 300 miles in length. Not only, it is stated, will the proposed line materially shorten the railway distance between Manchester and Newcastle and between Newcastle and Glasgow—the shortest workable route having been chosen—but it is intended that it shall be of first-class construction, with easy gradients and the like, admitting of the most comfortable travelling with the highest possible rate of speed. The commercial importance of the centres is of course undoubted, and it is said that much of the intervening mineral property offers scope for tapping. It is to be trusted that the promoters of these new railway enter-prises will not be above considering ways in carrying it out they may not learn something from their ultra-conservatism, and in economy of working are all suffering far behind by their American cousins, who have adopted certain simple but effective expedients which are well worth reproducing on any new rail-way system in this country—if not, indeed, on the old ones.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE OLDHAM COTTON INDUSTRY.

It is satisfactory to note a certain improvement in the position of the Oldham cotton-spinning companies during the past quarter. It has been our unpleasant duty to chronicle heavy losses maintained quarter after quarter by nearly all the mills, a profitable season being the exception instead of the rule since a period considerably anterior to the great strike. The combination of circumstances which has altered this condition of things is of quite recent occurrence. Chief among them are the heavy demands for cloth for India, the hardening of yarn prices as a result of over-sold-ficting and generally unfavourable crop reports, and abstention from dab-bling in futures. It is impossible to keep the Oldham managers from playing with this very dangerous toy. But their heavy losses of the past two or three years have taught them some wisdom, and speculations in futures have of late been conspicuously few. A grasp of all the conditions essen-tial to success in such speculation is beyond most of the managers, who have, moreover, shown themselves to be exceedingly gullible. There are a few losses to note. For instance, the New Earth Mill at Oldham reports an adverse balance for the three months of £122, and a total adverse balance of £8,066. The Hope (Failsworth), the Hey (Lees), the Long-field, and the Hathershaw (Oldham) have all increased their losses, and that of the last-named now stands at over £13,000. But on the other hand a larger number than we remember to have seen for a very long time are able to point to a profitable time, and to a consequent diminution of their adverse balances. If the promised revival in trade becomes a fact, they ought soon to start afresh with a clean course before them.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN TRADE IN MOROCCO.

Another consular wail! Our representative at Fez says that to the different ways in which the Germans and the English conduct their com-mission agencies may in a large degree be attributed the great expan-sion of German trade in this market within the last fifteen years. The English manufactures are as a rule bought by Moorish com-mission agents residing in London or Manchester or by colossal concerns to whom the Fez market is not an object of importance or of special study, and who do not send representatives there to push their interests. There is, consequently, little or no enterprise observable in the English commercial relations with the district. On the other hand, the French, and more particularly the German trade is done by travelling or resident European agents on the coast or in Fez. By their means many novelties are introduced and demand created for previously unknown articles, and trade springs up frequently in quite unexpected directions. Cheap glassware, cheap cutlery, cheap clocks, and enamelled ironware, cooking utensils, sewing machines, may be all quoted as instances of what can be done by enterprise and careful study of the wants of the natives. Formerly such articles were almost or wholly unknown, but since the advent of European agents, tem-porary or permanent, an increasing trade is being developed. One by one articles of which England previously had the sale are being taken up by Continental manufacturers, and imitations energetically introduced into the market. In competing for the sale of staple articles and introducing novelties, the knowledge of the native tastes and requirements gained by the travelling or resident European agents of Continental houses is obviously of great advantage to the manufacturers.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres is 234 per cent.

Silver bars are quoted at 33 15-16*d.* and dollars at 33⅝*d.*

With reference to a report transmitted through Dalziel's agency to the effect that a syndicate of several London capitalists, including Baron de Worms, had bought a considerable portion of Lower California, the right hon. gentleman referred to wires to the Central News as follows:—"Never heard of syndicate. Report absolutely unfounded.—De Worms."

The Monetary Conference of the Latin Union has adopted the Italian proposals in principle. The conditions and method under which the small Italian currency is to be withdrawn from circulation in the other countries of the Latin Union remain to be determined, and the decisions of the con-ference are subject to the approval of the French Parliament.

Another telegram, more explicit than the last, has been received by the London and Brazilian Bank respecting the non-payment of the coupon due on the 1st inst. on the six per cent. £20 debenture bonds of the Leopoldina Railway Company. It runs:—"Leopoldina reply traffic virtually stopped; no money. Unable now pay coupon; will pay when matters settled. Cannot fix date."

As illustrating the straits in which some American railroads are placed the *Daily News* refers to-day to the case of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, in connection with which a syndicate here for the guarantee of an issue of 7,000,000 dols. Five-Year Notes, bearing interest at 6 per cent. The price is 95, and a guarantee commission of 2 per cent. is also offered, with a further 2 per cent. on any part of the amount which the syndicate may be called upon to take up. At the same time, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is offering a One-Year Notes here at a combined interest and com-mission of 7 per cent.

LATEST DIVIDEND ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The following are the latest divi-dend declarations compared in each case with the corresponding announce-ment made at this time last year:—

	Present.	Last Year.
Great Western of Brazil Railway	5 per cent. per ann.	5 per cent. per ann.
Southern Brazilian Railway	3 per cent. per ann.	5 per cent. per ann.
Brazil and Australia an Trust and Loan Co.	2s. 6d. per sh. (50 per cent.)	10 per cent. per ann.
Bwlch Mining	8s. per share	
La Lame Mining	1s. per share (quarterly).	1s. per share.
Van Tol Mining	15 per cent. (quarterly).	
San Pablo Nitrate	5 per cent. (12½ p. c. for 5½).	10 per cent. for year).
Bolckow, Vaughan	5s. 6d. per share.	5s. 6d. per share.
Sandoz and Messer Railway	2s. per share.	4s. per share.
Western Railway of Havana	4s. per share.	4s. per share.
City of Chicago Brewing and Malting Co.	Pref. 8 per cent. per annum.	8 per cent. per annum.
United States Cable	3s. 6d. per share.	7s. 6d. per share.

TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.—To-day's announcements of traffic receipts are as follows. Inthe corresponding week last year they received the week's receipts and the aggregate for the current half-year are compared with the corresponding perio ls of 1892:—

	Last Week's Increase or Dec.	*Aggregate. Increase or Dec.*
Midland	£,135,589	—31,951 ..... 2,031,651 ..... —931,134
North Eastern	163,065	—8,869 ..... 2,096,959 ..... —31,544
Lancashire and Yorkshire	79,740	—3,485 ..... 1,205,569 ..... —101,544
Glasgow and South Western	75,340	—6,242 ..... 1,260,377 ..... —62,312
Brighton	42,852	—1,054 ..... 690,093 ..... —22,312
North Staffordshire	17,173	—2,604 ..... 189,192 ..... —16,744
Hull and Barnsley	21,089	—1,016 ..... 192,863 ..... —3,594
Cambrian	11,099	—903 ..... 90,766 ..... —5,778
Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford	1,562	—17 ..... 14,459 ..... —733
Taff Vale	30,790	—1,000 ..... 1,740,800 ..... —74,400
London Road Car	4,956	+125 ..... 74,580 ..... +5,422

Railways—Isle of Man, £13 *increase*; Great Southern and Western, £1,376 *increase*; Sheffield, £18,054 *decrease*; Cheshire, £326 *decrease*.

Tramways, &c.—Consolidated Metropolitan, £250 *increase*; Gothenburg, £2 *increase*; Dresden, £370 *increase*; Rouen, £59 *increase*.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

Twelve o'clock.

DECLINE IN BRIGHTON "A" AND UNION PACIFICS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

There is little change in the position of the loan market, and while supplies are abundant the demand continues quiet. Discount rates, however, are hardening materially, and fine paper has not been taken under 1⅝ to 1½ per cent., with a tendency to the higher figure. It is believed the German advance to the Italian banks may be sent through London, and thus cause a withdrawal of gold from this market.

The following are the latest loan and discount rates, the Bank rate standing at 5 per cent.:—

Loans.	Deposits.	Two Months.	Three Months.	Four Months.	Six Months.
Day.. 1	Bank..... 1½	Fine Bills 1⅝	1⅝	1⅝	2
7 Days 1	Discounters 1½	Trade Bills 2¼	2¼	2¼	2½

THE STOCK MARKETS.

Next Contango Day.	*Ticket Day.*	*Pay Day.*	*Consols Pay Day.*
Wednesday, Oct. 25	Thursday, Oct. 12	Friday, Oct. 13	Monday, Nov. 6

Attention to-day has been centred in the settlement, which is rather heavier than has been the case recently, but money being so plentiful there would be no difficulty in arranging a much larger account. Consols are steady, and India Threes have advanced a fraction, while Colonial loans once more show a firm tendency. Home Railways have been quiet, the only change of importance being a fall of nearly a point in Brighton A. A backwardation rate of 5-16 to 6-16 is quoted on this stock. In the Foreign department there is little feature, and the changes are quite unimportant. Spanish and Italians are both weak. American Railroads continue to decline, the chief pressure to-day being on Union Pacifics, on talk of a receivership before December 1 being probable. Louisvilles have recovered a little on the belief that the heavy fall has been quite entirely due to bear manipulation, although the new issue which is imminent is not liked. Grand Trunks are weak, in sympathy with Americans. Mexican Seconds have recovered a point; the backwardation is quoted at 1 to 1⅛. In the mining market Chartered's are again firm, and Jagersfonteins continue to advance.

The following shows the latest Stock Exchange quotations, the rise (+) or fall (−) which has taken place to-day, and the approximate return per cent. yielded annually by each security purchased by an investor at its present price:—

Yield.		M'vent (to-day.)	Latest Price.
£ s.	BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.		
2 15	Consols (2½) Money	+⅛	95⅞
2 15	Do. Account	...	95⅞
2 12	Treasury Bonds	...	100¼
3 19	Local Loans Stock	...	103
3 19	India 3½ per Cents	...	103
3 11	Do. 3 per Cents	+⅛	97⅛
3 19	Bank of England	...	350
3 18	Bank of Ireland	...	200
3 18	Stk. Bd. Wks. 3½ p.c.	...	114
3 0	Irish 4 p.c. (1889)	...	115
3 0	Liverpool 3½ p.c.	...	113
	COLONIAL SECURITIES.		
5 12	Canada 4 p.c. Reg	...	107
5 0	Do. 3 p.c. Reg	...	93⅝
5 0	Cape 3½ p.c. Do.	...	100¼
5 14	New Zealand 5 p.c. Inscribed	...	109
5 16	N.S.W. 4 p.c. 1889	—⅛	102
5 0	Victoria 4 p.c.	+¼	102
5 16	N.Z. Land 4½ p.c. Cms	...	104½
5 16	Queensland 4 p.c. Inscribed	...	103½
5 0	S. Australia 4 p.c. Reg	...	102
5 0	Victoria 4 p.c. 1885	+¼	102
4 1	Do. 3½ p.c.	...	96¼
	BRITISH RAILWAYS.		
4 2	Brighton Ord.	...	165
4 10	Do. A	—⅝	163½
4 14	Caledonian	...	174
5 9	Do. Deferred	...	119½
mk.	Cheshire Lines	...	130
4 9	Do. Pref.	...	136
4 17	Great Eastern	—⅛	124
4 3	Gt. Northern Ord.	—⅛	158
4 3	Do. A	—⅛	158
4 14	Great Western	...	174
...	Hammersmith and City	...	120
5 19	Lancashire and Yorkshire	...	165
4 17	Met. Consolidated	...	69¼
mk.	Met. District	...	45½
5 2	Midland	...	150½
5 17	North Brit. Pref.	...	70½
...	Do. Def.	...	24⅜
5 15	North Eastern	...	168½
4 11	North Stafford	...	122
4 18	North Western	...	168¼
5 12	Sandhill	...	99
...	Do. A	...	135
5 15	South Eastern	...	112
5 19	South Western	...	169½
5 10	South Wales	...	150½
5 6	Taff Vale	...	254
...	Do. Preferred	...	121
	FOREIGN STOCKS.		
5 15	Argentine 6 p.c. 1889		102½
5 2	Do. 6 p.c. Funding		69
...	Do. 5 p.c. Funding		49½
5 0	Do. 4 p.c. Ry.	+¼	37½
4 19	Brazilian 4½ p.c. 1889		67
6 19	Do. 5 p.c. 1895		73
6 8	Do. Ayres to p.c. 1886		86
...	Do. Bahia 5 p.c.		78
...	Do. Pernambuco		86
...	Do. Rio 5 p.c.		86
5 0	Bulgarian 4 p.c.		75
5 13	Chinese 5 p.c.	—½	97
5 0	Colombian		13
mk.	Costa Rica		85
mk.	Do.		85
5 0	Do. 5 p.c.		85
5 0	Ecuador, New		9
4 19	Egyptian State Dom.		103
4 19	Do. Unified		96
4 7	Do. 4 p.c. Guar.		104½
...	Do. 5 p.c. 1885		80
...	Do. 5 p.c. 1886		80
...	Do. 5 p.c. Mortg.		80
...	Do. 5 p.c. Res.		80
5 15	Guatemala 6 p.c.		91
...	Hayti 6 p.c.		6
4 7	Hungarian Rail's		85
4 11	Italian 5 p.c.	—⅛	94
10 10	Mexican 6 p.c. 1888		60¼
5 0	Do. 6 p.c. 1890		60
...	Do. Preference		21
...	Do. Debentures		29
5 0	Do. 3 p.c. Stg.		37
4 1	Russian 4 p.c. 1889		102
4 8	Spanish 4 p.c.	—⅛	64
4 17	Transvaal		104½
4 13	Turkish 1858		94
4 7	Do. 1865		94
5 0	Do. 1869		94
5 0	Do. 1873		94
5 11	Uruguay 6 p.c.		34½
5 11	Venezuela		20¾
	COL. AND FOR. RAILWAYS.		
mk.	B. Ayres & Rosario	+⅛	68
5 0	Do. 6 p.c. Shares		109
mk.	Argentine Confd.		14
5 0	Do. N.E.R. 5 p.c.	+1	85
...	Do. East	...	80
5 9	Canadian Pacific	—⅛	78½
mk.	Grand Trk. Ord.	...	7
mk.	Do. 1st Pref.	—⅛	41
mk.	Do. 2nd Pref.	...	17
mk.	Do. 3rd Pref.	—⅛	6
5 0	Guaranteed	...	104
mk.	Mexican Ord.	...	14½
4 4	Do. 1st Pref.	+⅛	29
mk.	Do. 2nd Pref.	+⅛	7
5 0	Mexican Central	—⅛	8
5 0	Do. Nat. Ord.	...	22
15 12	Nitrate Railways	...	13¾

Yield.		Price.	Yield.
£ s.	*Govt., Corpn., &c.*		
5 0	Do. 6p. Stock	102½	
5 0	Do. 4 p.c. Bonds	105	
5 0	Do. 5 p.c. Bonds	107	
5 12	Ceylon 4 p.c. Inscribed	102	
...	Do. 5 p.c. Inscribed	112	
2 19	Caledon 4 Deb.	137	
5 0	Do. 4 Pref.	125xd	
5 0	Do. Extn. 4 Deb.	105	
3 12	Gt. Northn. 3 Deb.	105	
3 5	Gt. Western 3½ Deb.	103	
5 0	Gt. Natn. Guar. 5	104	
5 0	Lond. Tilbury, 4 Pref.	129	
5 1	Do. Conv. 4 Pref.	129	
5 18	Lond. & S.W. Deb.	132	
5 0	Do. Conv. 4 Pref.	129	
5 18	Lond. & W. Deb.	132	
5 0	Do. Conv. 4 Pref.	129	
5 18	Lond. & S.W. 3½ Deb.	107	
5 0	Do. Conv. 4 Pref.	114	
5 1	Lon. Brtn. 4½ Lds.	130	
5 0	Lon. Chat. & D. 4 Pf.	114	
5 19	Midland 3 Deb.	105	
5 2	Do. 4 Pref.	129	
5 0	Do. Conv. 4 Pref.	129	
5 0	London & County	35½	
4 3	London & Weste.	35½	
5 0	Do. Join. 4 Deb.	32	
4 7	National Prov.	4¾	
4 17	Paris & Alliance	5	
5 19	Prov. of Ireland	21¼	
4 14	Union of London	32	

Yield.		M'vent (to-day.)	Latest Price.
£ s.	AMERICAN RAILROADS.		
...	Atchison Shares	—¼	19⅝
...	Do. Pref.	...	47½
5 13	Chic. Pacific Sh.	+⅛	59
5 11	Chic. Rock Isl.	—⅛	62¼
mk.	Denv. & R. Grand	...	9¾
...	Do. Pref.	...	30
mk.	Erie	...	14
7 18	Do. 2nd Mort.	—⅛	52
...	Do. Pref.	...	29
6 4	Illinois Shares	...	93
4 16	Kan. & Texas	+⅛	10
7 0	Louis and Nash.	+⅛	83¾
...	Mex. N. & Texas	+⅛	21⅞
4 16	N. Y. Central Sh.	...	101⅝
mk.	N. Y. Ontario	—⅛	18
...	Norfolk W. Pref.	...	51
...	North Pacific Pf.	—⅛	20⅝
4 0	Ohio and Miss.	—⅛	31
5 2	Pennsylvania Sh.	—⅛	53¾
5 0	Reading Shares	—⅛	25⅝
...	1st Incomes	...	82½
...	2nd Incomes	...	63
mk.	Rock Island Sh.	...	68
mk.	Union Pacific Sh.	—1½	16⅝
mk.	Wabash Pref.	—⅛	19¾
...	Do. 6 p.c. Deb.	—⅛	70
	TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.		
5 8	Anglo-American		9
5 8	Brazilian Submarine		11¼
6 1	Direct U. States		11¾
6 7	Eastern		15
5 14	Eastern Extension		12½
5 11	National Telephone		4¾
5 0	Ltd. Contrib.		3¼
	GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.		
6 2	Brush		2¾
6 0	Edison Gen. Ord.		20⅜
5 2	Imperial Cont.		23
4 19	Incandescent		4½
4 14	Do. B		24⅜
5 8	Met. Electric		3¾
4 19	Do. 6 p.c. Deb.		104
	MINING AND LAND.		
...	Bechuanaland		2
37 10	Chartered Shares		6⅝
...	Gaudeto Deferred		2½
...	Gaudeto Rights		1
...	Jagersfontein		10⅜
...	Do. Founders		1⅞
...	Jumper's Gold		1¾
...	Langlaagte Estate		2¾
...	Langlaagte		1⅞
6 18	Mason and Barry		1¾
...	Rhodesia		1¼
...	Sigisore Gold		1¾
mk.	Oceana Exten.		1
...	Oceana Land		1¾
11 12	Oceana Gold		1¾
...	Rand's Drift		1
...	Rio Tinto		10⅜
...	Do. New	—⅛	10⅜
...	Seven Stars		1
...	Do. (Gold)		1¾
...	Silati River		1
11 2	Sumner Land Deb.		2
10 19	S. A. Exploration		6
...	Sheba		10⅜
6 15	Tanganyika		3
...	Transvaal Develp.		7⅜
...	Do. Land		6⅜
...	Wemmer		3¾
...	Westralia Fr.		1
...	Do. Ord.		8⅜
mk.	Cash & Outpassings		9⅝
	MISCELLANEOUS		
3 18	Abrated Bread		7¼
...	Allsopps		42½
mk.	Do. Pref.		10⅜
4 6	Bk. of Australasia		39
4 19	Bk. of New South Wales		41
...	Bell's Asbestos		3¾
...	Bryant and May		4¼
...	Do. Pref.		14½
...	Do. Deferred		10⅞
...	Chartered Mercantile		1
...	Chartered Steam Nav.		1
...	Crosse & Blackwell		1¾
...	Dorland Hotels		1
6 9	Guinness & Co.		55¾
4 11	Hannah's Steel		2¾
4 11	Do. Pref.		6
4 9	Hudson's Bay		15⅜
5 15	Lyons & Co. Def.		1¾
mk.	Manning Wardle		¾
mk.	Patent Cornice		1¾
5 0	Pearl Steam Dr.		18¾
5 10	Primitiva Nitrate	—⅛	8
mk.	Rio Grande Rly.		1¾
mk.	Salt and Steam		4¾
25 14	Do. Shares		1
...	San Cinon Sh.		9¾
...	San Rosa Nitrate		2
mk.	San Jorge	—⅛	1¾
5 0	San Pablo	+⅛	5¾
4 18	Sandeman, Trad.		20½
4 14	Spratt's Patent		8¾
5 11	Tharsis Sulphur	—½	10⅜
...	Trustees Exctors		9¾
...	Union Discount		4¾

Yield.		Price.	Yield.		Price.
£ s.	*American Bonds.*		£ s.	*Miscellaneous.*	
5 17	Illinois 4 p.c. Gold	103	4 4	Alliance Assur.	9¼
4 15	Louisville 5 p.c. do.	109	4 5	Atlas Assur.	4¾
5 0	Michigan 5 p.c. do.	110	5 13	Bank 4 p.c. Ins.	167
5 14	N.Y. Cent. 6 p.c. do.	104	5 17	Cam. 4½ p.c. Ins.	102½
5 12	N.Y. Erie 6 p.c. 1920	107	5 17	Cam. 4½ p.c. do.	102½
5 12	Penns 4½ Gold	114	4 0	Can. W. Land. Deb.	98
...	*Indian Assurance.*		5 14	Lit. London Deb.	102½
...	Bengal Nag. Ord.	113½	4 5	England Assur.	8¾
3 12	Bom. Gas. 5 Ord.	103	5 0	Gas & Wat. Deb.	104
3 5	Bom. Gas. 5 Deb.	103	5 12	Guinness 4 Deb.	114
...	Madras 5 p.c. Ord.	143½	5 12	Lambeth Water	114
...	Do. 5 p.c. Deb.	143½	5 0	Lon. & S.W. Deb.	114
...	*Banks.*		5 19	London Gen. Om.	107½
6 11	Bk. of New Zealand	4¼	5 0	London Road Car	112
5 0	City Bank	191½	4 0	Mex. Tramways	4¾
5 0	Colonial	92	5 14	Nat. Discount Deb.	102
5 0	London & Country	35½	5 0	N. British & Merc.	112
4 3	London & Weste.	35½	6 17	N. Metro. Trams.	91½
5 0	Do. Join. 4 Deb.	32	4 3	Northern Com. Fire	98
4 7	National Prov.	4¾	5 0	Ocean Marine Ins.	10½
4 17	Paris & Alliance	5	5 0	Sun Fire	10½
5 19	Prov. of Ireland	21¼	5 18	W. Middlesex Wtr	220½
4 14	Union of London	32	...	Do. Pref.	5

LETTERS ON LIFE ASSURANCE.

IS TONTINE REALLY DEAD?—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SYSTEMS.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Will M. Gautier de Ste. Croix—if he be a real person—instead of writing long, didactic essays, condescend to state in plain English what are the improvements in life assurance that are indigenous to America and not yet naturalized over here, and which he philanthropically wishes to introduce? If he means to infer that the Americans are more prolific in their promises, we shall all be entirely with him; if he wishes to show that the results to the individual will, when properly tested, be better in American than here, pray give him every indulgence for meeting his difficult task. I sometimes wonder if the seduced British insurer has any idea of the enormous premium that goes direct into the pocket of the suave Yankee who captures him.

But, since not even American ingenuity can extract more than 20*s.* from a pound, it must follow that if one policy-holder is allowed to walk away with more profits than his payments would legitimately make, another must go correspondingly short. I have been for nearly forty years in the business, and, *pace* M. Ste. Croix, do not know in what respects the position of the British assured can be sensibly improved; but I do not need M. Ste. Croix to tell me how they can be bamboozled by sermonizing agents or by glib gentle-men that offer them words instead of facts.—Yours obediently,

London, W., Oct. 9. A FELLOW OF THE INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—My shot has had its effect. I found your correspondent apparently sailing under false colours, so I purposely fired across his bows, and he has displayed, as I expected he would, the American flag. I might be content to leave the matter there, seeing that his letters will now, in effect, be stamped "American manufacture;" but, as silence on my part might be construed into defeat, I am constrained, though with some reluctance, to continue the correspondence. In one thing alone I give Mr. Gautier de Ste. Croix best: namely, in appreciating the quotation which he gives at the end of his last letter, "from an eminent American authority," and which, "to his mind, is more explicit than anything he himself could put together." If that is his standard of an intelligent explanation I should like to see a specimen of mystification.

Your correspondent says that I am evidently unaware that the Tontine class of policy has been extinguished by legislation in the United States for some years. I am bound to confess my ignorance of the fact, and I further regret to have to remain sceptical on the point. I obtained to-day the prospectus of the company that claims to have invented this form of policy, and I find that it contains little else than a glorifi-cation of the system, and offering practically nothing else than Tontine policies. The evidence of what I am unaware of is that the Tontine class of policy is very much alive: but if it has been extinguished then I fancy there are a great number of Tontine policy-holders in this country who would like to know a little more as to how and when it was extinguished.

Then as to policy borrowing. I did not say that "I was not aware the American companies had no Tontine policies." I know that one office has recently agreed to do so on some of its policies. What I did say was that "they have not yet, I believe, got so far as to enable a Tontine policy-holder to keep up his payments by borrowing on his policy." I turn to the prospectus before me, and I do not find the offer of any accommodation of the kind other-wise. Does your correspondent wish the object of gaining something for himself, and it is a pure bull to say that a man wins anything by his own death. The larger the amount he can assure for, the better off will his family be; but I do not think that any man insures his life in the hope of dying early.

Mr. Gautier de Ste. Croix is of opinion that the ideal office is one that would combine the benefits among (1) those who die; (2) those unable to continue their contracts; and (3) those who wish to with-draw after a fixed period; and considers that "the larger the distribution period the more equitable will be the basis of settlement." He further adds that "such a life insurance contract has been invented here by the first life insurance company ever formed on the principle of charging an equitable premium varying according to the age at entry. Since the year 1800 the profits in that society have been divided every ten years (surely a sufficiently long interval) on the principle that at each quinquennial distribution the members should participate to the time that they had been assured. Thus, if a person had been assured for a complete period of ten years, he would be entitled to ten years' bonus. On the second occasion, ten years after, he would be entitled to twenty years' bonus. On the third occasion, thirty years' bonus, and so on; so that in forty years his total bonus would aggregate up to the equivalent of four years', and in fifty years to 150 years' bonuses. That system seems to exactly meet your correspondent's views, that those who live the longest shall have the largest profits, and that "the longer the distribution period the more equitable will be the basis of settlement."

But I must add that the system, as applied by the society to which I refer, has since the year 1810 an liberal and equitable treatment of the assured. Since the year 1810 an interim bonus has been declared, so that there has been an equitable distribution of benefits, up to the date of death, to the families of those who have died. There has also been an equitable distribu-tion of benefits to those unable to continue their contracts, for the society has always been able to fall reserve value to those wishing to surrender their assurances. It has for many years made advances upon its policies, so that the members have had every possible assistance to keep their assurances in force; and when, after twenty or thirty years, a member has wished to realize his investment, the full reserve value which he has created for his policy, plus annuities, has been considerably in excess of what he has paid, and often in excess of any endowment assurance which he could have obtained for the same premium. There is nothing in the American Tontine system, of which your correspondent seemed at first so enamoured, that can compare with that for all round equity. When Mr. Gautier de Ste. Croix communes his notion of what is for his ideal policy, it is evident that he must go further back in the history of life assurance than the birth of the American Tontine system.

I am glad to find that your correspondent agrees with me "that every possible gambling element should be eliminated from an insurance partner-ship contract," for when that element is eliminated, and the advantages and disadvantages are compared, he will be further led to agree with me that there is nothing left in the Tontine system that can, for all the laudable objects to which life assurance can be applied, approach

London, Oct. 9. LEGITIMATE LIFE ASSURANCE.

SILVER IN THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—A canvass of the Senate shows that if a vote should be reached on the bill for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman Act as it stands it will be carried by a majority of 11, or 43 votes against 37.

The Silverites claim, however, that there are at least eight senators in this primitive list who are desirous of securing a compromise, and declare that if some measure can be devised upon which they and these eight can agree, the vote will be reversed.—*Reuter.*

RUSSO-GERMAN NEGOTIATIONS TO LAST FOR MONTHS.

BERLIN, Oct. 10.—The Commercial Treaty negotiations between the German and Russian delegates are proceeding regularly, but complete silence is observed as to the progress of the Conference. The demands of Germany comprise no lower than seventy-seven points, and it is anticipated that the negotiations will extend over several months. The Russian delegates will remain here until Christmas, when they will proceed to Russia partly to spend the holidays there and partly to report verbally to their Government regarding the state of the debates. Their personal attitude is said to have created a very favourable impression among the German delegates.—*Reuter.*

TO-MORROW'S BUSINESS ENGAGEMENTS.

Ticket Day.	Max Greger ..... 43, Threadneedle-st., 2.
Agra Bank ..... Cannon-st. Hotel, 1.	South London Music Hall Cannon-street Hotel, 3.
Co. S. Windsor & Bldg. ..... Guildhall Tavern.	Yorks. Invest. & Am. Mort. Bradford.
New South Wales ..... Liverpool, 12.	India Dbs., &c., guarantees (if allotted), £220,000.
Oak Spinning ..... Oldham, 1.30.	St. London Water, &c., dbs., £800,000.
New Mt. Albion Silver ... Winchester House, 2.	St. John del Rey Mining call, £6.3.7.

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

Newmarket Second October meeting opened in delightful autumn weather. The previous night's storm left no unwelcome trace, save in the low-lying patches of roads, and, though rather cold, the temperature was seasonable. The Jockey Club and general enclosures were well filled.

There was nothing particularly exciting in the racing. Raeburn and Le Nicham avoided meeting each other in the Champion Stakes, the Duke of Portland's colt choosing the Royal Stakes, in which he encountered the solitary and moderate Masque. Le Nicham had an equally easy task in the Champion Stakes, as Lady Caroline had no pretensions to secure honours in such company, and Simonian was palpably very sore on his legs. In fact, Colonel North's horse pulled up very lame.

Sanctissima's success in the Flying Welter Handicap brings her a 10 lb. penalty for the City Handicap at Alexandra Park on Saturday next, raising her weight to 8 st. 4 lb.

No excuse could be made for Galloping Dick's defeat in the Clearwell Stakes. It was brought about by his own "cussedness." He was quiet at the post and got well away, but when half the journey had been completed he would not go, nor would he when threatened with the whip, and La Nievre consequently drew away from him at her leisure and won by three lengths.

It was satisfactory to find both Raeburn and Le Nicham in magnificent fettle. The latter created much the more favourable impression, it being generally conceded that Baron de Rothschild's colt has very much improved.

Deer-stalking in the Highland corries has been more successfully pursued this season than for many years. This is due not only, says a special correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*, to the abundance of fine game, but to the vigour with which the arduous sport has been prosecuted. In Lord Burton's Forest of Glenquoich, Viscount Cadogan and Viscount Curzon have secured some very fine trophies, and to Lord Burton's own rifle three magnificent "royals" fell last week. Lord Compton, too, has had very good sport at Kinlochlinchart. Sir John Fowler brought down a noble "11-pointer" in Braemore Forest, one of fifty which made up a week's total; Mr. Sydney Platt shot thirty head in Dundonnell and a "royal" in Drumrunnie; while at Coignafearn Mr. Bradley Firth secured a splendid "10-pointer." Lieutenant-Colonel Charlesworth has had excellent sport at Attadale, and Mr. J. Hargreave in Gaick. The finest stags hitherto reported have been shot in the forest of Mamore by Sir Charles Mordaunt, who has secured no fewer than 74, including five royals, one 13-pointer, and one 14-pointer. The larger forests have all yielded more than it would have been thought judicious in former years to kill, but are said to be so well stocked with heavy stags that the sport will be pursued with unflagging zest for some time.

Forest-hunting with her Majesty's Staghounds has commenced. The meet yesterday was held opposite the Royal Hotel, Ascot Heath. Nineteen couples of the best hounds were brought out for the first run among the pinewoods and bracken. The Royal van left Ascot shortly after ten o'clock for Swinley Paddocks. These grassy enclosures are situated in the recesses of the forest, and contain 30 running deer. Two of the strongest animals from the pen next the road were placed in the vehicle and conveyed to a quiet glade in the vicinity of the Red Lodge. A hind was there uncarted upon the mossy land, and speedily disappeared among the firs and larches. The hounds were subsequently trotted from Ascot, a distance of about four miles, and laid on at the "turn out." The chase took place over a rather heavy country to the Wishmoor Cross and Bagshot Heath districts. The pack hunts again next Saturday, and on every subsequent Tuesday and Friday during the remainder of the month.

The annual general meeting of the London Rugby Union of Referees was held last evening at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street. The minutes of the previous meeting having been passed, Mr. Hodgson read the report of last season's doings. Since the commencement of the season a steady increase has taken place in the membership. The subscribing clubs number fifty-eight—members being found not only in the metropolis, but also as far as Coventry in the north, and Brighton in the south. There are sixty-seven referees on the list, but only a comparatively small number act regularly. During the season 371 applications had been received, and referees were sent to 313 matches. In twelve cases the applications were received too late. The financial statement was satisfactory, there being a balance in hand of over £7. Mr. Rowland Hill, Mr. Hodgson, and Mr. R. S. Whalley spoke strongly respecting the meagre support extended to the society by the larger clubs.

The protest lodged by the Yorkshire Rugby Union and the Huddersfield Football Club against the inquiry into the circumstances attending the transfer of Forsyth and Boak, two players from Cummersdale Hornets to the Hudderfield Club being held in Cumberland has been successful. The special sub-committee of the English Rugby Union Committee appointed to investigate the matter has conceded the point, and the meeting will be held on Friday next at Preston.

Sunderland Football Club—the League champions—played the second and last match of their southern tour at the Essex County Cricket Club enclosure, Leyton, yesterday, when they defeated the Casuals by five goals to one, in the presence of some 4,000 spectators. Campbell started the ball for the professionals; at the onset the amateurs had far the better of the exchanges, and kept Dalton and Gibson busily engaged for the time being; the Sunderland "halves" were, however, too smart for the opposing forwards, and, returning the ball to mid-field, the visiting forwards invaded their opponents' quarters, and a free kick to the visitors, close to the Casuals' goal, gave J. Hannah an opening of which he availed himself by promptly sending the ball into the net. For some little time the Casuals' forwards fairly held their own, but when the Sunderland men had settled down to their work in earnest, Pelly and Nelson had plenty of work to do to keep their lines intact. Their efforts were not altogether successful, as before the arrival of half-time J. Hannah scored a couple of more goals, and so, on crossing over, the visitors were leading by three goals to love. In the second half, Campbell and Hannah scored for Sunderland, while Smith kicked a goal for the Casuals, who retired defeated by five goals to one.

Last evening the newly-elected council of the London Football Association held their first meeting at the offices in Chancery-lane, when the following eleven was chosen to play for London against Sheffield on October 21 at Sheffield:—W.R. Moon (Old Westminsters), goal; C. McGahey (City Ramblers), and F. R. Pelly (Old Foresters), backs; R. R Barker (Casuals), W. N. Winckworth (Old Westminsters), and A. H. Hossack (Corinthians), half-backs; R. Topham (Casuals), and E. Jones (Millwall), right wing; R. R. Sandilands (Old Westminsters), centre; G. H. Cotterill (Old Brightonians), and J. Atter (Crouch-end), left wing. The East of Scotland Association have notified to the London body that their match for the 11th of November is scratched. The Charity Cup teams for the present season were selected as follows:—Old Westminsters, Casuals, Crusaders, Millwall Athletic, Old Carthusians, London Caledonians, Clapton, and Crouch-end.

The Sheffield team was also chosen last night, and will consist of Howlett (Sheffield United), goal; Todd (Chesterfield) and Cain (Sheffield United), backs; Howell, Hendry, and Needham (Sheffield United), half-backs; Webster (Sheffield Wednesday), Hammond, Hill, and Fleming (Sheffield United), and Munday (Chesterfield), forwards. Sheffield Wednesday and Rotherham Town have League engagements on the same day, or the side would have been stronger.

In the latest stage of the series of billiard matches (spot-barred) now in progress between Dawson and North at the Royal Aquarium, both men played very consistently on the strict standard table. Dawson compiled in the afternoon chief runs of 131, 54, 37, a splendid 152, 40, 39, and 44, to North's 31, 40, 50, 57, 91, 31, and 70. Eventually Dawson won by 222 points. Full scores:—Dawson, 700; and North, 478. In the evening North led off, and at his second attempt he contributed a superb 235, taking the scores to 236 as against 1. Nothing daunted, however, the Yorkshireman quickly totalled in succession 144, 83, and 97, taking the lead at 336, and going on with 153 and 185 (unfinished) consecutively, he won by 346 points, the final scores being—Dawson, 700; and North, 354.

The Metropolitan Association of Cycling Clubs of New York set its great international race meet recently too near the close of Springfield's banner meet to attract the cracks. The latter's three days of hard work had left them listless and desirous of rest rather than repeating the dose so soon. The list of races arranged and the great value of the prizes offered would ordinarily have drawn all the great men of the country to the metropolis. The New Yorkers' fine prize list was not sufficiently advertised, and the splendid half-mile track at Waverly, New Jersey, was not sufficiently exploited. Zimmerman's visit to Chicago prevented his appearance; Windle, Tyler, and Sanger sought rest, and thus Githens, Rhodes, Titus, and Wells had the field and the prizes to themselves. H. A. Githens, of Chicago, was the hero of the meet, and secured the lion's share of the prizes; he was badly bruised by severe falls at Waltham and Springfield, yet rode like a demon, and secured prizes valued at 550 dols., including a 250 dol. diamond ring, one of the handsomest trophies ever offered in an international contest.

A New York paper gave the first prize in a novice race at the meet at Waverly Park, and a valuable trophy it proved to be. It was won, much to the amusement of the crowd, by a bewhiskered man of about forty summers, who proved to be none other than J. W. Davidson, a champion oarsman of the eastern country, just branching out into new fields of conquest. The distance was one mile, and Davidson covered it in 2 min. 42 3-5 sec.

A. A. Zimmerman travelled direct from Springfield after the great meet to assist the New York Athletic Club in the Amateur Athletic Union's championships recently. He won the two miles cycling championship easily from Banker, Barrett, Kaiseley, Hoyland Smith, and Bode; and also showed the assemblage that he could jump a little. He cleared 10 ft. 2 in. in a standing jump, being second to Champion Schwaner, who scored first prize with a leap of 10 ft. 7 in.

The Waverly track, in Union County, New Jersey, one of the first and finest half-mile horse tracks in the country, has a surface composed of a mixture of Jersey clay and sand, with a brick-coloured facing.

The Catford Cycling Club, after a very successful year on road and path, brings its official season to a close on Saturday next with a run to Riddlesdown, in Surrey. A big muster of members and supporters of the famed southern organization is expected.

For the water-polo contest between England and Scotland, which is to be played at Glasgow on October 23, the following team has been chosen to represent England:—E. Moss (Manchester) (goal), R. A. Crawshaw (Manchester Mayfield) and T. Osborne (Manchester Osborne) (backs), G. R. Cragg (Tunbridge Wells) (half-back), J. Hicks (Manchester Osborne) and J. H. Tyers (Manchester Mayfield) (forwards). Reserves: W. T. Biggs (Tunbridge Wells) (goal), W. Dixon (Tunbridge Wells) (back), W. Henry (Zephyr) (half-back), E. J. Plumbridge (Tunbridge Wells) and H. H. Stephens (Polytechnic) (forwards.)

Concerning English and American yachting the *Sportsman* writes:—The owner's hand may not always be on the tiller, nor may he have the confidence to be his own sailing-master. But it must be a close, personal, and loving supervision given to the details of the sport together with a free-handed disbursement of unavoidable expenses, that has made yachting the success it is in the bays and creeks of Columbia. The American coast, and for a considerable period of the year the American weather, might have been made for the yachtsman, and therein lies an important advantage. Skill, readiness, and delicacy of appreciation of the qualities of a boat—thorough acquaintance, too, with them, such as many trials can alone give—have an important bearing on the result of a yacht race, and probably we are outclassed in that respect. It would be unfair, at any rate, to attribute all the English ill-success to the builders of the craft. The cause lies deeper. Wherever it is buried it is not out of our reach if we will persevere. However natural the present state of things may be in our American cousins' eyes, Britishers cannot but feel it somewhat of an irritation and a disgrace that in a branch of navigation, as in a form of naval architecture, they are not the first in the world. The fault needs correcting. With the Prince of Wales, Lord Dunraven, Lord Dudley, the Duke of Sutherland, and many more such prominent men in the world of sport fond of sailing, and with this country's wealth and its ship-yards, there should be no insuperable difficulty in the way of turning out a winning boat. At any rate, the effort is one that should never be rested from so long as it remains unaccomplished. We want that America Cup back again.

The American papers are noted for their freshness of opinion. Concerning the proposed prevention of the Mitchell and Corbett glove fight it is written:—"Fighting is a profession just the same as law, medicine, or theology. Its professors get more money for their work than the LL.D.'s, M.D.'s and D.D.'s, and the higher they run on the scale towards the championship the greater they become. John L. Sullivan, who has punched more jaws than were ever seen by all the students in Bellevue, is to-day a greater man in the eyes of the people than the most artistic individual who ever wielded a scalpel. James Corbett forsook the banking business for pugilism, and Mitchell neglected to become matriculated as a pharmacist in order to develop himself as a fighter. Dr. Guiteras of this city gained more knowledge of the human frame while perfecting himself as a boxer than he did while studying 'Gray's Anatomy.' The Doctor by the way, is a pretty good sort of a boxer.

"The question as to whether the fight between Mitchell and Corbett should be stopped is one that people generally will not care to discuss. It is a question to be argued only by people who can see harm in the game. We can expect to hear arguments to the effect that "Charlie and Jim" are to give an exhibition of brutality, we may hear that the Governor has been called upon to suppress the Coney Island club, and we may hear that the public peace is to be violated. But who will we hear this from? From the men who love sport and who spend their own money to gratify their love for sport? No. We will hear it from people who never saw Corbett or Mitchell, who never saw a boxing glove, a glove contest, or a boxing exhibition. We will hear all about the brutality of the ring and the inhumanity of its professors, from the high-priced, milk-and-water men who confound masculinity and brutalism, muscularity and thugism, who make a distinction as between vice in a palace and sin in a tenement house. We will hear of the horrible nature of the event from the really good people who shed tears over murderers, and from the tender-hearted ones who sympathize with the destroyers of homes. Who ever heard of sporting men massing themselves and kicking to the Governor when a lot of silly-billy people got up a petition to secure the pardon of a convicted felon?'

In his cycling ride across Europe Charles Terront has made good progress through Russia. After leaving Ostroff, he slept on Friday night, September 29, at Dunaburg, where he was received by a number of officers, and entertained to a champagne supper. He reached Kovno on Saturday, says the *Sporting Life*, and came in for a big reception from the Governor of the town, Prince Muzleskoi, and other notabilities, who accompanied him several kilometres with their troikas, driven by three horses. A stop was made for ten minutes about ten kilometres from Kovno, at a small village, and here champagne was offered with cries of "Vive la France!" "Vive la Russie!" Terront then left with Meyer, Echard, and the Russian pacemaker, Overbeck, and a stop was made for the night at Souwalki. Up at 5 A.M. on Monday morning, Terront and Meyer left together, leaving Echard and Overbeck to take train on. The cyclists arrived at Warsaw at midnight on Monday, October 2, after having gone through a number of difficulties, and covering the splendid distance of 267 versts in the day. This makes a record ride from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, a distance of 700 miles, in six days, over the terrible Russian roads — a magnificent performance. Terront and Meyer only intended getting within about fifty miles of Warsaw, and sleeping in some small village, but they had to show their passports several times in towns they rode through, and this demand for passports being so frequent, their curiosity became aroused, and coming across an official who demanded their passports able to speak German, Meyer asked the cause of this, and the reply was that the cholera being so bad in this part of the country they were obliged to take the greatest precautions with strangers. This at once decided them to ride on to Warsaw, although it was raining in torrents, and the roads were thick with mud, and riding was terribly hard. As night drew on, hunger and thirst came over them, for their provisions for the day had been exhausted some time, and they feared eating or drinking in the small villages, on account of the cholera. They kept riding most pluckily, although everything was against them—a head wind and a cold rain.

About thirty miles from Warsaw they lost their way owing to the road parting, and they rode nearly five miles until the road ended in a thick wood. They turned back, and once on the right track they made slow progress to Warsaw, where they arrived at midnight, as above mentioned. At the gates of the city, however, they had to get off and walk their machines through the streets, cycling in the principal thoroughfares being forbidden, and they only found their way to the hotel at 1 o'clock A.M., tired, soaked to the skin, and covered with mud. After a good supper Terront slept well until 9 o'clock, when he got up and then visited the fine clubhouse belonging to the Cyclists' Club of Warsaw; after which Terront was entertained grandly by the members in the Polish style, which consisted of a lunch and drinks to the shouts of "All hail!" Everything was ready for a fresh start, but Terront was unable to get away owing to his passport not having been returned by the police authorities, with whom it had been deposited for the *visa* to enable him to leave Russia. This occasioned a delay of about two hours, and it was 2 P.M. on Tuesday before the start was given outside the Warsaw City Gates. Terront was accompanied by a Polish cyclist—Count Nicolas de Bartoneuff—and Meyer, as pacemakers, and a stop was made for the night at Kutno, where H. O. Duncan and his "suite" had everything in readiness for a bath and complete change. He got away on Wednesday morning, October 4 at 6 A.M., and crossed the Russian-German frontier without much difficulty, but he had to go through the quarantine formalities by being thoroughly disinfected and examined by a doctor. The latter explained that he had received a telegram not to cause any delay on the frontier by an unnecessary visit, Terront being known to be in excellent health by the authorities at Kovno and Souwalki, who had kindly prepared a free pass which they obtained from the Governor. Terront rode in grand form once on German soil, for the roads are much better and the weather somewhat cleared up. He slept for the night at Posen, and left on Thursday morning at 7 A.M., accompanied by Echard, Meyer, and two German pacemakers, who kindly placed themselves at Terront's disposal. Terront has had no end of difficulties across Russia, and the roads were worse than English country lanes. How the machine stood the journey is a marvel.

LACROSSE.

PROGRESS OF THE GAME IN ENGLAND.

To establish a game like lacrosse in general favour is invariably a matter of great difficulty to its early exponents, and it is perhaps a question of years before popular prejudices are sufficiently overcome to enable those who introduce a novelty to obtain a fair opportunity of displaying its good points. Especially has this been the case with lacrosse, and it is only within the last few years that the pioneers of the game have been rewarded by seeing an ever-increasing interest taken in it. At the present time the national game of Canada has gained so strong a hold on a certain section of sportsmen in the mother country that its future success is secured, and there need now be no fear that it will be ousted by opposition or by the indifference of those who have not attempted to judge of its merits.

It has been a hard matter to persuade men that football, whether under Rugby or Association rules, is not the only game that renders existence possible during an English winter. But the number of lacrosse clubs now in existence round the various centres is quite sufficient to fill all the match cards, and this season sees a satisfactory increase in the list of clubs. The exhibition games often played in the "off" season in promising districts are the means of opening up fresh ground, particularly among schools and colleges, to which every game must look for recruits when present players have joined the ranks of the veterans.

As a spectator's game lacrosse is unequalled, when once the cardinal points of the play are understood. Lacrosse is a faster game than football, while it possesses boundless possibilities for the exercise of such qualities as quickness of eye, good judgment and skilful manipulation of the long net, or "crosse," as it is technically called, used in the game. The movements of two teams, with every man of the twenty-four on the alert for an opportunity to make a smart catch, a quick and advantageous pass, or a clever shot at goal, impresses forcibly those who see the game for the first time. They are more than ever convinced of the skill required to become a player if, as novices, they essay to perform the feats which the graceful and skilful handling of a crosse render possible to a good man, but which are but objects of ambition to the tyro, whose first few games always leave him with the impression that lacrosse is not quite so easily played as might be thought at a casual glance.

It is apparently simple to catch a small ball in a large net, to run with it, and to pass it to another player, but the mere catching even requires a considerable amount of practice before it can be managed perfectly.

In Ireland lacrosse has made great strides. The players as a rule beat those of English clubs. They possibly derive some advantage owing to the Irish season being a summer one, concluding just as the English clubs commence their winter programme. The Irish season this year has been very successful, and the final match in the flag contest between Ards and Rugby created much interest.

In England, as a general rule, northern players are considered to be superior to those in the south, although the southerners are improving greatly in numbers and form. Lancashire is the principal playing county, and Manchester the great centre of the north, while southern players are confined chiefly to the London district. The clubs of note in the metropolitan area are Barnet, Blackheath, Catford, Clapham, Clapton, Croydon, Hampstead, Herne Hill, Hon. Artillery Company, Snaresbrook, St. Dunstan's College, St. Paul's School, Surbiton, West London, and Woodford. Cambridge University and Leys School (Cambridge) deserve high places. Of those mentioned, Herne Hill, Catford, and Woodford are new clubs. A new club is also being formed by the London County Cycling and Athletic body, which, with the sprinters available, should become very strong on the attack. Several others are in the chrysalis state, but are scarcely strong enough yet to appear in the list of fixtures.

The winning of the senior or junior flag competition is the ambition of all lacrosse players, the greatest honour obtainable being the inscription of the winning club's name on, and the holding of, the coveted trophy for a year. In this competition the clubs entered are drawn by lot. The arrangements for the southern ties have already been made. There are thirteen entries for the senior, and fifteen for the junior flags. These matches take place in February, and March. Last season, Cup competitions, senior and junior, were introduced, the scoring being in the style of Football League or cricket county records. Two matches were played by each club with every other one. This year only one match will be held, the old arrangement being rather a tie to players, who were always in Cup matches, while "friendly" games and the trying of new members, &c., were not being sufficiently attended to.

While in the south the last two weeks have been devoted principally to practice, the northern players are in the midst of their League competitions, and the result of the latest play left the position, in the First Division, a very open one, South Manchester, Stockport, Albert Park, and Urmiston all being equal with four points each. The other clubs in the division failed to score.

Matches will be played by most of the southern clubs on Saturday next and each week up to April 7, when the North and South match takes place. London district lacrosse clubs will be busy. Some of the older bodies have been strengthened, certain of last season's junior division aspire to senior honours this year, while the new clubs are well spoken of, particularly Woodford, who in their first season have entered for the senior and junior flags, instead of being content, as is usual, to attempt only the junior.

Everywhere the season's prospects appear to be satisfactory. Lacrosse has slowly but surely come to the front by the untiring exertions of its followers, and now bids fair to go on increasing in popularity. It may, partly on account of its difficulties, never seriously rival football, but as a recreation to be indulged in by those fond of a game in which skill comes before strength, lacrosse is excelled by no other winter game, and is now well on the way to the success its merits deserve.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

LONDON BETTING: THIS MORNING.

CESAREWITCH.

5 to 1 agst Molly Morgan (t)	25 to 1 — Senaputty (t)
6 to 1 — Vanguard (t)	25 to 1 — Theobald (t)
6 to 1 — Red Eyes (t)	25 to 1 — Euclid (t)
10 to 1 — Newcourt (t)	33 to 1 — Victorin (t)
10 to 1 — Prisoner (t)	40 to 1 — Lady Rosebery (t)
14 to 1 — Red Ensign (t)	50 to 1 — Burnaby (t)
16 to 1 — Insurance (t)	66 to 1 agst others (t)
20 to 1 — Pilot (t)	

RACING FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

Newmarket Second October	11—13	Thirsk	19, 20
Limerick	11, 12	Sandown Park	19, 20
Alexandra Park	14	Chantilly	19, 22, 24, 26, 27
Gatwick	17, 18	Newmarket Houghton	24—29
Newcastle	17, 18	Worcester	24, 25
Curragh	17—19	Lincoln	31—Nov. 1

NOVEMBER.

Auteuil	1, 4, 5, 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, 30	Derby	14—16
Northampton	2, 3	Lewes	17, 18
Leopardstown	3, 4	Warwick	20—22
Leicester	6—8	Manchester	23—25
Liverpool	8—10		

DECEMBER.

Auteuil	3, 7, 10, 14, 15	Limerick	28
Leopardstown	26		

Tschigorin yesterday won the second game in the chess match between himself and Dr. Tarrasch, now in progress at St. Petersburg, in forty-three moves. The players have now scored a game each.

Lord Harris contrives to keep himself in excellent cricketing form in India. The other day, according to the *Yorkshire Post*, he captained a local eleven at Gunnesh Khind, Poona, against a strong Bombay eleven, and made 32 runs, which was the second best score of the day. The match, which was drawn in favour of Lord Harris's team, excited considerable interest, as matches in which he appears invariably do in India. In fact, it is doubtful whether Lord Harris the cricketer is not by a long way a more interesting figure in the native eyes than Lord Harris the statesman. His word is regarded as absolute in all matters relating to the game, in proof of which it may be mentioned that he not long since by his mere *ipse dixit* on a question of cricketing etiquette healed what promised to be a very nasty difference of opinion between the leading European and Parsee cricketers in Bombay.

At a meeting of the North Wales Narrow Gauge Railway Company, held at Liverpool yesterday, it was stated that Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., M.P., has now purchased the whole of Snowdon. Sir Edward formerly owned a considerable portion of the Welsh mountain.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

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PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A WORKGIRL

By GEORGE MOORE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jackie stood, a tall boy for his age, by his mother's chair, twisting his cloth cap in a manner that was peculiar to him. His dark hair fell in thick heavy locks over his small face, and from under the shadow of his locks his great luminous eyes glanced furtively at his father. Mrs. Lewis told him to take his finger out of his mouth, and thus encouraged he went towards William, still twisting his legs and looking curiously dejected. He did not speak for some time, but he allowed William to put his arm round him and draw him against his knees. Then fixing his eyes on the laces of his shoes he said somewhat abruptly, but confidentially—

"Are you really my father? No humbug, you know," he added, raising his eyes, and for a moment looking William searchingly in the face.

"I'm not humbugging, Jack. I'm your father right enough. Don't you like me?" But I think you said you didn't want to have a father."

Jackie did not answer this question. After a moment's reflection, he said, "If it's really true, and you be my father, why didn't you come to see us before?"

William glanced at Esther, who, in her turn, glanced at Mrs. Lewis.

"I'm afraid that's rather a long story, Jackie. I was away in foreign parts."

Jackie looked as if he would like to hear about "foreign parts," and William awaited the question that seemed to tremble on the child's lips. But, instead, he turned suddenly to Mrs. Lewis and said—

"The cakes aren't burnt, are they? I ran as fast as I could the moment I saw them coming."

The childish abruptness of the transaction made them laugh, and an unpleasant moment passed away. Mrs. Lewis took the plate of cakes from the fender and poured out their tea. The door and window were open, and the dying light lent a tenderness to the tea-table, to the quiet solicitude of the mother watching her son, knowing him in all his intimate habits; to the eager curiosity of the father on the other side, leaning forward delighted at every look and word, thinking it all astonishing, wonderful. Jackie sat between the women. He seemed to understand that his chance of eating as many tea cakes as he pleased had come, and he ate with his eyes fixed on the plate considering which piece he would have when he had finished the piece he had in his hand. Very little was said—a few remarks about the fine weather, and offers to put out another cap of tea. Very gradually Mrs. Lewis began to understand that they had differences to settle, and that she had better leave them. She put on her bonnet and took her shawl from the peg. She pleaded that she had an appointment with a neighbour; she wouldn't be more than half an hour; would they look after the house till her return? William watched her, thinking of what he would say when she was out of hearing.

"That boy of ours is a dear little fellow, you've been a good mother, I can see that. If I had only known."

"There's no use talking no more about it; what's done is done."

The cottage door was open and they could see their child swinging on the gate. The evening was very still and the passers-by came and went like shadows. The eyes of both father and mother were fixed on the swinging figure. Neither knew exactly what to say, and both were hardened with the responsibility with which they felt the moment was pregnant. At last William said:—

"There ain't much meaning in marriage if you don't have no children."

"Did your wife have no children?"

"Not she. I didn't think I cared about children until you said there was a child. I don't think I felt as much even when I saw Field-Marshal struggling home the winner of the Derby of '87 by half a length. I had few to one about him, and had stood it all out to win and a place, hadn't lodged a penny of it. But when you told me there was a child, the words sent a thrill through me, and I walked away confused like, and I ain't thought of much else ever since."

"I reared the child, and I saw him growing, and he's fond of me, and I'd lay down my life for him; but I don't see why you, who never saw him before, should care that much about him."

"Well, you see, it comes fresh upon me. I imagine it all, and in my own . . . I suppose I care much more about the boy than even you do. Lord . . . I had known about him before, I'd 'ave left my wife long ago."

"That would 've been very wrong. I hope you'll soon go back to her."

"Go back to her! She's living with another man."

"You don't know that she is for certain?"

"I don't know nothing for certain. I haven't troubled to find out; but it's rather 'ard to 'ear you say that you hope I shall go back and live with her. Do you mean that you don't want no more to do with me?"

"I don't want to have nothing to do with married men."

"I can get a divorce."

"You'd much better go back to your wife. Once married, always married, that's my way of thinking."

"I'm sorry to hear you say it, Esther. Do you think a man should stop with his wife who's been treated as I have been?"

Esther avoided a direct reply, and the infidelity of men and the constancy of women were argued until William remembered that Mrs. Lewis had said she would be back in half an hour.

"We ain't getting no for'arder by discussing them things," he said, interrupting her. "We can't say good bye after this evening and never see one another again."

"Why not? I'm nothing to you now, you've got a wife of your own; you've no claim upon me, you can go your way and I can keep to mine."

"There's that child, I must do something for him."

"Well, you can do something for him without ruining me."

"Ruining you, Esther."

"Yes, ruining me. I ain't going to lose my character by keeping company with a married man. You've done me harm enough already and should be ashamed to think of doing me any more. You can pay for the boy's schooling if you like, you can pay for his keep too, but you mustn't think that in doing so you'll get hold of me again."

"Do you mean it, Esther?"

"Followers ain't allowed where I am. You're a married man, I won't have it."

"But when I get my divorce?"

"When you get your divorce! I don't know how it'll be then. But here's Mrs. Lewis; she's a scolding of Jackie for swinging on that 'ere gate. Naughty boy; he's been told twenty times not to swing on the gate. I must be getting home."

Esther complained that they had stayed too long, that he had made her late. She treated his questions about Jackie with indifference. He might write if he had anything important to say, but she could not keep company with a married man. They shook hands and parted at the area gate. William seemed very downcast. Esther was, on the contrary, lighthearted. She had gained all she wanted. Her idea was to keep William out of the way and to hasten on her marriage with Fred Parsons. She had told him that she had had a child. For she was not yielding in the instinct which impels a woman to confess to the man she is about to marry that she has had a child by another. But nothing suggested that she was under obligation to tell him that William had come back. She felt that if she could get her affair ago through, she would be safe, and with desire of that marriage her heart seemed like bursting. She didn't dare to let her thoughts dwell on the cottage at Mortlake, lest something should happen to prevent it. If the men were to meet she felt that all would be lost! All! So she kept within the house, working twice as much as she need, just to keep herself from thinking.

But at the end of the day pictures of William and Jackie came upon her. Something told her that she would never get free from that man, and she was devoured with curiosity to know what Mrs. Lewis had to say about William, and she wanted above all to hear what Jackie thought of his father. She had only to mention her wish to go out, and Miss Rice would sacrifice her own convenience to her servant's.

But she was afraid to go out lest she should meet William and Fred. At last the desire to know what was happening became intolerable, and she went to her mistress to ask for leave to go out. Very little of her agitation betrayed itself in her demeanour, but Miss Rice's sharp eyes had guessed that her servant's life was at a crisis. She laid her book on her knee, asked a few kind, discreet questions, and after dinner Esther hurried towards the Underground.

The door of the cottage was open, and as she crossed the little garden she heard Mrs. Lewis say,

"Now you must be a good boy, and not go out in the garden and spoil your new clothes." And when she entered Mrs. Lewis was giving the finishing touches to the necktie which she had just tied. "Now you'll go and sit on that chair, like a good boy, and wait there till your father comes."

"Oh, here's mummie," cried the boy, and he darted out of Mrs. Lewis's hand. "Look at my new clothes, mummie; look at them!" And Esther saw her boy dressed in a suit of velveteen knickerbockers, with brass buttons and a sky-blue necktie.

"His father—I mean Mr. Latch—came here on Thursday morning, and took him to——"

"Took me up to London ——"

"And brought him back in those clothes."

"We went to such a big shop in Oxford street for them, and they took down many suits before they could get one to fit. Father is that difficult to please, and I thought we should go away without any clothes, and I couldn't walk about London with father in those old things. Aren't they shabby?" he added, kicking them contemptuously. It was a little grey suit that Esther had made for him with her own hands.

"Father had me measured for another suit, but it won't be ready for a few days. Father took me to the Zoological Gardens, and we saw the lions and tigers, and there are such a lot of monkeys. There is one ——But what makes you look so cross, mummie dear. Don't you ever go out with father in London? London is such a beautiful place. And then we walked through the park and saw a lot of boys sailing boats. Father asked me if I had a boat. I said you couldn't afford to buy me toys. He said that was hard lines on me, and on the way back to the station we stopped at a toy shop and he bought me a boat. May I show you my boat?"

Jackie was too much occupied with thoughts of his boat to notice the gloom that was gathering on his mother's face; Mrs. Lewis wished to call upon him to desist, but before she could make up her mind what to do, he had brought the toy from the table and was forcing it into his mother's hands. "This is a cutter-rigged boat because it has three sails and only one mast. Father told me it was. He'll be here in half an hour; we're going to sail the boat in the pond on the Rye, and if it gets across all right, he'll take me to the park where there's a big piece of water, twice, three times as big as the water on the Rye. Do you think, mummie, that I shall ever be able to get my boat across such a piece of water as the—— I've forgotten the name. What do they call it, mummie?"

"Oh, I don't know; don't bother me with your boat."

"Oh, mummie, what have I done that you won't look at my boat? Arn't you coming with father to the Rye to see me sail it?"

"I don't want to go with you. You want me no more. I can't afford to give you boats. . . . Come, don't plague me any more with your toy," she said, pushing it away, and then in a moment of convulsive passion she threw the boat across the room. It struck the opposite wall, its mast was broken, and the sails and cords made a tangled little heap. Jackie ran to his toy, he picked it up, and his face showed his grief. "I shall not be able to sail my boat now; it won't sail, its mast and the sails is broke. Mummie, what did you throw my boat for?" and the child burst into tears.

At that moment William entered.

"What is the child crying for?" he asked, stopping abruptly on the threshold. There was a slight note of authority in his voice which angered Esther still more.

"What is it to you what he is crying for?" she said turning quickly round. "What has the child got to do with you that you should come down ordering peop'e about for. A nice sort of mean trick, and one that is just like you. You beg and pray of me to let you see the child, and when I do you come down here on the sly, and with the present of a suit of clothes and a toy boat soon try to win his love away from his mother who saved him from those who wanted to kill him, who starved herself, who went about with rags on her back so that he might want for nothing. And what was you doing all that time?—lounging about bar rooms, betting, eating and drinking to your heart's content. Did you ever give him a thought all that time? Not you. But when your wife has kicked you out and you find him a nice growing lad you come down here on the sly and try to get him away from his mother with a toy boat. There's the boat, look at it; take it away with you, and you shall have the clothes back too."

"Esther, Esther, I never thought of getting his love from you. I meant no harm. Mrs. Lewis said that he was having a trifle moped; we thought that a change would do him good, and so——"

"Oh, it was Mrs. Lewis that asked you to take him up to London. It is a strange thing what a little money will do. Ever since you set foot in this cottage she has been curtseying to you, handing you chairs. I didn't much like it, but I didn't think that she would round on me in this way." Then turning suddenly on her old friend, she said: "Who told you to let him have the child? . . . Is it he or I who pays you for his keep? answer me that. How much did he give you—a new dress?"

"Esther, Esther, I am surprised at you; I didn't think it would come to accusing me of being bribed, and after all these years?" Mrs. Lewis put her apron to her eyes and Jackie stole over to his father. "It wasn't he who smashed the boat; it was mummie; she's in a passion—she didn't mean it; but you'll buy me another, won't you? The shops aren't open to-day, but we might mend the boat somehow. Do you think we could?"

"Jackie, dear, go away; leave your father alone. Go into the next room," said Mrs. Lewis.

"No, he can stop here; let him be," said Esther. "I want no more to say to him, he can look to his father for the future." Esther turned on her heel and walked straight for the door. But dropping his boat with a cry, the little fellow ran after her and clung to her skirt despairingly. "No, mummie dear, you mustn't go; never mind the boat; I love you better than the boat—better than fifty boats; I want no boat; I'll do without a boat; I'll never ask for one and never take one from father or any one; I only want you."

"Esther, Esther, this is all nonsense. Just listen."

"Listen! I want no listening to you. Either you or I leave the house."

William was about to reply, when Mrs. Lewis whispered: "You'll get no good out of her now, her temper's up; you'd better go. She don't know what she's a-saying of."

"If one of us has to go," said William, taking the hint, "there can't be much doubt which of us." He stood at the door holding his hat, just as if he were going to put it on. Esther stood with her back turned to him. At last he said—

"Good-bye, Jackie. I suppose you don't want to see me again?"

"Not if mummie doesn't want me to. You can take away the boat."

William's face showed that he was pained by Jackie's answer.

"Try to get your mother to forgive me; but you are right to love her best. She's been a good mother to you." He put on his hat and went without another word. No one spoke, and every moment the silence grew more paralyzing. Jackie examined his broken boat for a moment, and then he put it away as if he had ceased to have any interest for him. He picked up his old clothes and took them into the next room. There was no chance of going to the Rye that day; he might as well take off his velvet suit; besides, his mother liked him better in his old clothes. He left the room and changed his clothes, and when his mother saw what he had done her heart went out to him, and she grew sorry for having broken his boat, and appreciated the cruelty of her action. "You shall have another boat, my darling," she said, leaning across the table and looking at him affectionately; "and quite as good as the one I broke."

(To be continued.)

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COLONIAL NOTES.

The Cape Colony may well pause before adopting the plan which has so lamentably broken down in Victoria for the administration of the State railways by a non-political Board. Just before the prorogation of Parliament took place, Mr. Merriman moved a resolution in favour of appointing a sort of Board of Advice to assist the General Manager in controlling the lines. In reply, Mr. Rhodes treated the suggestion from his usual common-sense standpoint. If Mr. Merriman's proposal were adopted they would, he said, have to find men of leisure in Cape Town, men of ability, men of foresight, who were prepared to sit on the Board of Advice. Another very great difficulty was that a great number of people made money in the colony, and then retired to the delights of Wimbledon, near London. They simply retired home to be nobodies, instead of doing some good work in the colony. They accumulated wealth and started business; or they lived in the suburbs of London doing no good, excepting, perhaps, having heavy and uninteresting dinners. He (Mr. Rhodes) did not condemn their ideas, but these were practical facts, and therefore the difficulty in the colony was a leisured class that could meet the views of Mr. Merriman. Then, if they were to consider the use of business men for this purpose, he would point out that business men had no time for it. They had their own work to attend to, and, therefore, Mr. Merriman's suggestion, although it appeared a good one, to his (Mr. Rhodes's) mind as at present advised did not appear feasible. At the same time they as a Government were perfectly ready to consider his suggestion. If it were possible, his (Mr. Rhodes's) solution would be to get a good man at a good salary, and make him general manager. It must be remembered that they had a revenue of two and a half millions at stake, and though he did not intend any reflection upon the present general manager, he would simply say that he thought their 2,200 miles of line had got beyond him. If they got a man from Europe he would have an immense deal to learn—their relations with the neighbouring States, and the fact that they had no back transit, for instance, for the Cape railways could not be compared with those of any other country. All they could do was to keep their eyes open and look round, and it might be that they would continue with improvements on the suggestions made, or that they might meet with an exceptionally good man. If they had the good fortune to do that the Government would not be lacking in taking the responsibility, but otherwise they proposed to go on as at present. Mr. Merriman ultimately withdrew his motion.

Yet another reminder of the Tichborne case was afforded to the inhabitants of Sydney, New South Wales, who were present in the No. 2 Jury Court recently in an action brought by Jean Luie, a prominent witness in the case referred to, against a defendant named Whelan to recover damages for alleged malicious prosecution. In the course of the case, the result of which was adverse to him, Luie admitted that he was a witness for the Claimant twenty years ago, and he stoutly adhered to his statement that he was steward of the *Osprey* at the time the survivors of the *Bella* were picked up, and he appeared to be by no means certain that the last had been heard of Arthur Orton in connection with the Tichborne estates. The judge happened to have a bound and illustrated copy of the protracted proceedings in his library, and he showed Luie a portrait or sketch of himself taken during the progress of the trial. Luie, who is seventy-four years of age, recognised the presentment as conveying a correct idea of what he was nearly a quarter of a century back.

A large four-masted iron ship, *Lucipara*, which arrived at Sydney on the 3rd of September from Sharpness, reported having been in a remarkable electrical storm in the Indian Ocean. The captain states that when in 42 S and 61 E, or about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, the ship was in a hurricane. About midnight of the 4th of August the sea, which previously had been dangerously high, fell almost calm. It appeared as though the sea was affected by some tremendous pressure. Suddenly the whole ship fore and aft was enveloped in sheets of flame half-way up the masts and from stem to stern. The crew ran out of the forecastle panic-stricken. This state lasted for quite three-quarters of an hour, everybody on board meritoriously expecting to see the ship's masts go. How the three lower topsails stood it the captain cannot understand. He says that he has never before had such an experience. After the sheets of flame had overrun the ship fore and aft they snuffed out as suddenly as the phenomenon had first appeared, and the crew, almost blinded by the dazzling light, were now left groping about in a darkness that could almost be felt.

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